

*Novembris Monstrum.*  
OR  
ROME BROUGHT TO  
BED IN ENGLAND.

with  
The Whores Miscarying.  
Made long since for the Anni-  
versary Solemnity on the fift day  
of *November*, In a private Col-  
ledge at *Cambridge*.

By *A. B. C. D. E. K.*  
And now by conquering importunity  
made publique.

For a small memoriall of *England's*  
great deliverance from the  
*Powder-Treason.*

By *E. M. A. D. O. C.*  
*Monstrum, Horrendum, Informe, In-*  
*gens, cui lumen ademptum.*

*London*, Printed by *F. L.* for *John Bur-*  
*roughes*, at the signe of the Golden  
Dragon in *Fleetstreet*. 1641. C

11623. a. 15<sup>m</sup>





## PRODITIONIS CONCEPTVS.

*Vpon the first plotting of the Treason.*



And see; the Pope hath travail'd  
once againe

With a new *Affrick* Monster,  
worfe then came

From their she-popedome, when  
a woman prov'd

The Churches head, & all the body mov'd. (then

(Poore headlesse she-church, where was thy head

When *Ione* did loose her maiden-head with men?

Oh she tooke care for that, least *Rome* should need

Succeeding Popes, she would her self popes breed)

But whither roves my muse? come backe againe,

And see another of that breeding traine

Goe big with envie, labouring with a birth,

Swell'd with a plot, nay brought to bed ith' earth.

Ready to teeme forth from a monstrous thigh

A strange delivery, the birth was nigh.

Twasse coming forth, but had not strength to give

So big a monster, as it did conceive.

Eye *Rome*! thou wantst a midwife, or a *Ione*

That can without an helpe bring forth alone.

*Matrinx*

## II.

*Matrix, in qua pubescit embriox.*

Vpon the vault, in which the treason  
was hatcht.

## 2.

*Upon the buying of the vault.*

Downe with price of blood, if you would faine  
As you have sold out soules, buy in againe.  
The purchase you have got by emptying  
Your purgatorie may well fill't againe.  
Looke on this arched vault, how will it make  
An high way passage to the Stygian Lake?  
The price you had the last soules you did sell,  
Will buie the Catholiques this way to hell.  
Where's He that beares the bag, your *Indas* too,  
That seeketh to betray his Mother so?  
Tell him we are agreed, the vault is sold  
Bid him deliver up the money told.  
See, see he comes, Ile warrant you hee'l sweare  
The peices that he brings some relique are.  
Those thirty peices *Indas* had, and we  
May be content to fall as low, as he  
Who was bought once for them; And be it so,  
So *Indas* fall as low as *Indas* too.

3

02

P

## Frontispeece Discovered.

THE DEVILL plots, the P O P E will owen  
The J E S V I T E must act or none.

One God doth S E E and S M I L E, and B L A S T,  
What *Hell*, and *Rome*, and all forecast.

'Tis not the blacknesse of the *Pit*  
Can cloud this E Y E from seeing it.

'Tis not the deepenesse of the *Pit*,  
Can straine this A R M E from reaching it.

'Tis not the terrour of the *Pit*  
Can scare this S M I L E from daring it.

Heavens eye can chase the thickest mist,  
Heavens *Arme* can conquer, when it list,

One looke, one touch, one *Smile* can quell  
The *Pride* and *Pollicy* of *Hell*;

And let them yet more forces call,  
The God will be too hard for all.



23 AP 57

*Made long since.*

FOR THE ANNI-  
VERSARY SOLEMNITY

on the fift day of November

In a private Colledge  
at Cambridge.

By A. B. C. D. E.

And now

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gens, cui lumen ademptum.*

---

London, Printed by F.L. for T. Slater,  
at the signe of the Swanne in  
Duck-lane. 1641

Made long since.

FOR THE ANNUAL  
VERSARY SOLEMNITY

on the Friday of November  
in the private College

at Cambridge.

By N. B. C. D. E.

And now

By conducting in person  
made public.

For a small Bill of Exchange  
in the



By A. O. C.

Allegiance, How certain, Inform, In-  
form, and taken advantage.

London, Printed by P. A. R. T. J. J. J. J.  
at the Sign of the Star in  
Duck-lane, 1641





# THE DEDICATORY.



Oe litle Booke, (my unlick't Poetry)  
And be a Patron to thy selfe and mee;  
Shift it among the crowd, and  
never stay  
To dresse thy selfe, like other trim and  
with borrow'd Titles; pluckt from great Ones, who  
Are honoured by the Honour that they doe,  
Weare thy owne cloathes, and thinke it more to be  
knowne by thy face, then by a livery.  
We're trust unto fond sicklenesse, that may  
Afford a smile at first, and then betray,  
That hisse and kill, that by embraces smother,  
With one hand take, and throw away with th'other,  
That ow'n a Booke, because they doe owne them,  
Or else they'd never ow'n the Booke agen.  
Let those that can warpe Conscience in a straine  
And count it but a Poets Spencer veine  
To fawne and flatter, and have learnt to call;  
One Good, because he's Great, though worst of all;

## The Dedicatorie.

Let those who can weigh vertue by the pound,  
Where it is scarce by Drammes and Ounces found  
Who make it then chiefe Masterpiece of wit,  
To Banckrupt Honour by out-rayling it  
Who can say I, or No, sweat, freeze, as hee  
Is hot or cold, who is their Deity.  
Let such Idolatours of Greatnesse shew,  
They dare not walke abroad, unlesse they goe  
Vnder some Hee or Shee-Protection:  
My Muse shall venture in another fashion  
Make thine owne licence (little one) and bee  
Protection to thy selfe, a Passe to mee.  
And let such scratching Patron-mongers know  
Thou'lt not on stilts, nor yet on Crutches goe,  
On thy own feet thou'lt either runne or crawl:  
And if thou canst not stand on them, thou'lt fall,  
Weigh neither smile nor frowne, but when you see  
Best usage say, this shall my Patron bee:  
And as for others that disdain, say thou  
My Master owes me not, and why should you?

Vade (nec Invideo) sine me Liber Ibis.

To



## To the Reader.

**R**Eader, goe on ; but first pray wash your eyes  
From Criticisme curiosities.  
Then thou mayest see the clearer, judge the better :  
Spend a licentious verdict on each letter,  
Be peremptorie to condemne or praise,  
Subscribe to this with boldnesse, and that race  
With a judicious pen, and make it fit  
For naught but Drugsters shops wast-paper it  
And spare not ( Reader ) if thy courtesie  
Bid them peruse that, which it made thee by  
There are but two I feare, and they shall make  
My feare more carelesse for their empty sake  
As for the the nicer, squeasy, wanton tast  
Thats alwaies picking, but still loves to wast,  
I weigh not his court phancy : let it be  
Spent on his wanton *Thais*-poety.  
And for that carping rout that love to be  
Still following *Momus* in his livery,  
That thinkes their judgements never shine, untill  
They finde some blots dropt from anothers quill  
Let them still grin, and snarle, I'le sayno more  
Then th' *Spartan* Prince to an Amhassador,  
Who

To the Reader.

Who being found by him sporting away  
The tedious howers of a Summer-day;  
Amongst his little children did request  
The Ambassadour to let his censure rest,  
Till he had children of his owne, just so  
Till thou hast something of thine owne to show:  
Leave off, or if thou wilt still snarling be,  
Let me see thine, Ile doe as much for Thee.



## The Introduction.

I.



Here are those cristall floods,  
which from our eyes  
Should make a second Sea?  
Those briny streames,  
Which from the swelling veines  
of grieve should rise

And flow like surgy Neptune, when he teames  
His daily incomes to enrich his Bride,  
And still with new reuenewes swelles his tyde

2.

Where are those gales of sighes, a windy gale  
To drive my paper Pinnacle that it may  
Mounted upon a briny ocean saile,  
And through a See of teares finde out the way  
Vnto the sea of Rome, and there desery  
Hells masterpiece of hell-hatcht villany?

B

There

## The Introduction.

3

There rides the whore in state, that purple whore,  
 Mounted on high upon a scarlet beast;  
 That man of sinne, quite surfetted with goare,  
 Gorg'd with the flesh of Saints at Plutos feast.  
 Bathed in Nectar blood, pancht with mans flesh,  
 As if it were high loves Ambrosia dish.

4

Foure Cardinalls coupled beares him up in state,  
 Lending their shoulders to support his pride,  
 No lesse then Kings and Emperours must waite  
 To hold his stirrop when he meanes to ride;  
 And for their paines perchance shal kisse his Toe  
 Whether his highnesse doe weare socks or no.

5

He beares his coate from truest Heraldry,  
 A Lyon-Rampant in a sanguine field,  
 Bulls the supporters, fit for crueltie,  
 A Drago in the crest, which flames doth yeeld  
 Belsh't from sulphurous lungs into a flood;  
 The word, or motto is, Nothing but blood.

6

His pastimes little else but crueltie,  
 To murther Princes is a recreation,  
 Spurning downe throanes is sporting jollitie,  
 Nay to doe all of these is true religion,  
 Gives marrow to their meritts, wins the prize,  
 And rides them soon to heaven with easy thighes

## The Introduction.

3

7

re, To curse to Purgatori's but the fashion,  
And therefore 'tis a sinne it should goe downe,  
To finde out tortur's but to wrack invention,  
Worthy a Card'nalls cap, or Fryers Crowne.  
esh, An inquisition is a mercy seate  
Pitty, compared to their venome heate.

8

, No fire burnes so cleare, or warmes so well,  
As that, that's kindled at a stake to burne  
whole legions of Heretiques to hell,  
Who stubborne in the truth denie to turne.  
Too The common bonfyre of a whole nation,  
Is but a festivalls right celebration.

9

ld To strangle infant Majestie before  
The cradle suffers it to weare the crowne,  
And dye it's mantle in a purple goare,  
That it may never know a scarlet gowne  
Is but true doctrine at a Conncellread,  
And therefore must by them be practised.

10

hey'l fire whole solemnities, and burne  
the sacrificers to a sacrifice,  
Thus make the Temple but a common urne  
to hold a quier of Martyre Saints, who dye  
Before they dye, seeing their destinie  
March towards them before it cometh nigh.

B 2



## The Introduction.

II.

To make of Church and people but one fire,  
 (Surprizing them within that sacred wall,)  
 Is nothing but to kindle their desire,  
 Warming their zeale least it should faltring fall  
 Into a colder chilnesse, and so spoyle  
 The blaze of their good workes for want of oyle

12.

They whet the knife of cruelty and cut  
 The tongues from living men, that they may try  
 To tempt downe heaven from heaven it selfe, & p  
 The Gods unto a miracle, if they  
 Expectt the prayses due to Deity,  
 Well warbled from a tun'd fidelity.

13.

They dig the infant from its living grave  
 (That fearelesse innocency, which doth lye  
 Prison'd ith' parent wombe untill it have  
 Queene natures mandate for its liberty.)  
 And then they dandle it on a pike till it  
 Fall to its first and last sleepe at their feet.

14.

Have not you seene a fetter'd prisoner loose  
 The burden of his shackled teathering,  
 And scape his uncouth dungeon-repose,  
 Only that he may be conveyd agin  
 Into some closer goale, where he shall lye,  
 Till death his yron cables doth untie?



## The Introduction.

5

15.

er else till with the hands of justice knit  
A faster twist (made for his destiny)  
Leades him from th' prison to that place, where it  
His soule and body must at once untie.  
Just thus the infant from its prison wombe  
Is freed to be imprison'd in a tombe.

16.

ut yet we're hardly halfe the way, put on  
A faster in the roade of cruelty,  
You'l see perhaps a sucking babe anon,  
Which smiling to the mothers lullaby,  
Hangs on her melting breast, and whilst it takes  
The hony flowing from those milkie lakes,

17.

ome fist, that's braynd with frequent cruelty,  
Quite spoyles the draught, snatching it frō her breast,  
And to compleate determin'd villany  
Perceeth the Parent for to doe the rest.  
Making her turne Medea, rend and scatter  
The tender softnesse of that infant matter.

18.

yet, oretake but Tiger-Neroes traines,  
Those ten that nursed persecution,  
First with the blood that sprang frō Martyrs veins  
But after gave it flesh to feede upon,  
Till it out-liv'd foure ages, and did turne  
Three hundred yeares into an ash-heapt urne.

B 3

(Could

## The Introduction.

19

*Could I but speake his butcher-crueltye?  
I would make my mouth spit blood at every word  
Blacker then incke, and force my penne to dye  
Each line into a scarlet thred: his sword  
Learnt murther from him, whom it would not slay  
But first must trie her skill another way.*

20

*When Nero knew not how to live or die,  
(For dye he would not though he knew the way)  
His venome's such, that when he doth but try  
To slay himselfe, he must another slay.  
Then to his servant slay thy selfe sayd He  
That I may learne to kill my selfe by Thee.*

21

*This Nero, grandfire of grand-crueltie  
Begot that brat of persecution,  
And seeming pious in impietic,  
Left it to a succeeding guerdion.  
Domitian, Hadryan, and Antonius verus  
Trajanus, Maximinus, and Severus.*

22.

*Those Brother-Emperors of Hydra-Rome,  
Who rise like ten heads from that dragon-beast,  
And out of their enflamed mouthes did foame  
A venom'd froath upon the Christian breast.  
Hydra indeed! No sooner once was dead,  
But in the roome sprang up another head.*

## The Introduction.

7

23

Next flames out Decius, who did commit  
A sacriligious rape on chastitie,  
And in a ruder flame at once unkia  
The chaster zoanes of pure virginitie.  
Commanding 40 vestalls for to turn  
True virgin-Martyrs in one common urn.

24

What shall I speake of t'other viper-brood  
Galerius and Peternus, which did leade  
The brat by both the hands, till it withstood  
That stoutest Martyre champion, who did bleed  
I th' face of persecution, Laurence, he  
That taught the Gridiron to sing Poetrie.

25

Next sprange Aurelian from that Tyrant race,  
Who first did season his unnaturall hand  
For after murtherers, in that infant place  
Where his owne blood did run, cutting the band  
That ty'd his sister unto him more neere  
Had but he priz'd her, as his sister, deare.

26

But heaven fate Iudge, and censur'd; saw, that He  
In this first act had spent such blood, as might  
Have fed ten persecutions, and be  
Full tyranny; Heaven therefore stops him quite,  
And will not suffer him to quench his thirst,  
That made himself quite drunk with blood at first

B 4

Love

## The Introduction.

27.

*Iove summons up his Cyclops, and commands  
The thunder to proclaime an open way,  
Breaking in sunder the clouds faster bands,  
That th<sup>e</sup> lightning may her brighter face display:  
Thus frightned with the flashings of that eye,  
Which glanc'd on him, He leaves his crueltie.*

28.

*Next raging as a whirlewind riseth he,  
That swept before him like the wanton dust  
Whole Christendomes of Saints, and made them be  
Like atom'd crummes under his foot-stoole thrust.  
Stay not to aske his name, Reader, goe on,  
You'l finde him nothing but Ambition.*

29.

*Twas He, that crouded for the Imperiall throne  
Soaring on Eagles wings Ambition gave him,  
Till he at length reacht it, to rule alone,  
By doing that his concubine would have him.  
Druas commands, A wild boare must be slaine,  
He thrusts at Ape, and begins to reigne.*

30.

*Twas He, that dawbd Ambition ore with pride,  
Being once an Emperour, he must be God;  
Hees Phcebus brother, brother to his Bride,  
Hee'l sway both earth and Heavens imperiall rod.  
Whenonce Ambition doth begin to fly,  
Like Icarus, twill either mount, or dye.*

31.

And now He poasteth out a swift decree  
 led with waxe, that cannot melt away)  
 t hee'l be worshipped for dietic  
 people kisse his feet, those stumps of clay,  
 And take him for a God; he'l be no man:  
 iddle his name; 'twas Dioclesian.

32.

Who but Dioclesian could doe that,  
 ch Pride commanded, with a prouder hand,  
 low a furnace up, that might outdite  
 yeares; and hotter then Ten could command  
 efore him with their bloodiest decrees:  
 e was the bottom, and so gave the lees.

33.

Rome, looke backe and blush upon the guilt  
 hose that markt thee on the forehead so,  
 cruelty they suckt, 'twas thy breasts spilt,  
 then they spend it on their forreigne foe.  
 hese, these were thy Decemviri, that made,  
 en persecutions a ten-age trade.

34.

act the quintessence of villanie,  
 asie the horridst deeds, that ere were don;  
 e to the depth of Phlegeton and see  
 t cruelties the furies thinke upon.  
 All is but sucking malice to that they  
 Doe execute on those, on whom they prey.

B 5

Cru-

35

*Cruelty's turn'd an Art, 't hath gott to be  
Among the liberall sciences, most fitt  
For him, that would be rich in pollicie,  
He's the best Scholler, that's best skild in it.  
The top of honour is to vau her throane,  
Be without this you must let that alone.*

36

*The Iesuit that climbs by step degrees  
From his shorne crowne unto a Card'nalls cap,  
And thence upon Ambitions pincen flees  
To Peters Chayre that he may take a nap,  
Winnes all by forging out some skulking trea  
Not by his judgement but inuention.*

37

*Charity dwells not now in Hospitalls,  
'Thath left her Country house, and's come to town  
Wintring her selfe within the frozen walls  
Of some cold dungeon upon Tellus downe.  
Merits swarme thicker from a Lollards Towe  
Then from the main'tnance of a beeds-man bow*

38

*Hee'l sooner passe for heauen, that dying leaves  
A legacie to build an inquisition;  
Or else his scrapt up silverlings bequeathes  
To nurture up some tart inuention.  
Which may delue out new waies for willany,  
And teeme forth 't other bastard-cruelty.*

## The Introduction.

39

To flie to forraigne nations on the wind,  
And crosse the seas that they may crosse the land,  
So get more worlds, if more were left behind,  
And with a paper bull them all command,  
Is the Ambition burnes within their breast,  
And keepe their busie soules from taking rest.

40

To pusse up States and Kingdomes at a blast,  
To plucke downe Crownes and Septers at one fall,  
To swallow Realmes to breake a mornings fast,  
And yet scarce satisfied there withall;  
Is but course fare at a Lent ordinary,  
Such is there raving-craving cruelty.

41

But soft a while, take fresher breath (my muse)  
Leave off to lash her former whoredomes still,  
She hath bin scourg'd enough for old abuse,  
And yet her fornication-cup doth fill  
With new-brew'd poyson; spare thy whip that it  
May take new strength, & not the latter quit.

42.

Had every persecution bin ten,  
And each had burned longer then them all  
Maintained with fresh fury, till all them  
That were but Christned Protestants had fall,  
'T had made but a straw bonfier compar'd  
With that hell-fuell they of late prepar'd



## The Introduction.

43.

Fuel in oyle, which had but Plato seen  
Heapt up, He, staggerd at the sight, would sweare  
Envy's Idea had existent bin,  
And on the stage ne're durst before appeare.  
Fuell stor'd up to feede revenge, and be  
A plot to puzzle nll Hyperbole.

44.

Had but Pythagoras diviner soule  
By transmigration dwelt in other men,  
And so osiliv'd his owne age, and then stole  
Into another, and at length had bin  
One of our owne; He, seeing this alone,  
Might well out-vie all ages with this one.

45.

Call up Chronology, and bid her bring  
Her bunch of keyes to open Historie;  
Ransack that cabinet, and view each thing,  
That she hath lockt up from her infancy.  
Call aged Time, and bid him search his file  
That he this cruelty may parallell.

46.

Arrest the Sunne, and stay his Coach for thee,  
That thou mayst parly with him; aske him then  
If riding all his circuit He could see  
Such treachery, as in this age hath bin.  
Chronology must tye up Historie,  
Time hang his file, and Phoebus silent be.

Then



47

hen summon up the Furies from their cell;  
 re back at the doores of darkenesse, and there see,  
 thou canst speake with Pluto, King of Hell,  
 to Proserpina admitted be.

Sue for a Synod, and then try if they  
 Can match themselves agin, or match the day.

48

ell stands amaz'd. Pluto is mad that he  
 ould be outvi'd on earth: The Furies sweare  
 ey went beyond commission; and decree  
 ell shall afford no more, if they come there.

Megera loaths her service, and decrees  
 To dwell on earth to learne new cruelties.

49

erberus howles for madnesse, and opes wide  
 triple throat, from which a whirlwind comes,  
 ich made the rivers rage into a tyde,  
 d roar'd, as if they threatned all hells frame.

That Pluto thought therabble had come downe  
 Missing their plot on earth, to get his crowne.

50

ould but the gelid feare, that freezeth mee,  
 d cloysters up my blood in coldest veines;  
 ease my speech, and set my tongue but free,  
 ould unfold a treachery, contains

The Elixar of the bitterest druggs, that are  
 Mong all th' Apothecary Pluto's ware.

Then

51

Then cease thy Styx-dy'd mantle (tragedy)  
 And buckle soone thy bloody busking on  
 Dipt ten graines deeper in their goary dye,  
 Doe thou attend us, while we treat upon  
 Seven headed Hydra, hatcht long since in Rome  
 And what conceptions teeme within her wombe.

52

But where's the quill that can drop lines of blood  
 But where's the tragick pensell that can paint  
 Such hideous cruelty scarce understood,  
 Or fathom'd with the thoughts of man or Saint.  
 But wher's the fiery muse that can describe,  
 The treachery of that infernall tribe.

53

Nor thoughts, nor words are ready to unfold  
 That hideous tragedy, whose plot was found  
 And first contriv'd in hell, but never could  
 With prologue once salute the English ground,  
 Although the stage was built, the sceane was  
 On which that Tragick act was to be playd (m)

54

That tragick act, the thought whereof doth make  
 My quivering muse affraid, my ague-quill  
 Shakes in deciphering it, my hands doe quake;  
 My teare-drownd eyes a fresh supply distill  
 And yet at length grow dry; my hairees t'untwined  
 And stand an end like quills o'th' Porcupine

55

But soone my Muse recovered, and my quill  
 Obeys the hand that guided it; mine eyes  
 Clear'd up, and would no farther showers distill,  
 Then soone I set upon the enterprize.  
 Turne o're the page, draw but the curtaine, there  
 You'll see the Monster-Tragedy appaere.

## Argumentum.

(ta  
**A**frica multa dedit, vix vix dedit Affrica tan-  
 Quanta uno peperit Roma à nasq; inuicta monstro.  
 Nec miranda cano: Romæ Lupa namque Noverca,  
 Illa dedit monstrum, cur non dabit Illaque monstrum  
 Sic canibus eatuli similes, Lupa Sicque Lupillo.  
 Primulus en monstri conceptus; Adultera matrix:  
 Tartareo spurcam spargit dum semine matrem  
 Roma ferox, cæta generatur Filia noctis.  
 Monstri fama fugit, tanta quoque Nuncius auræ  
 Pegaseis volitat pennis: mox qualia monstra  
 Roma dabit, dubio meditatur pectore quisque.  
 Cujus ope proles latebrosis parta tenebris  
 Prodeat in lucem, Obstetrix è Tartare surgit.  
 Expectata dies celebranda est; Romaque gestit  
 Conceptu partus, sed mox prorepat abortus.

1	Upon the first plotting of the Treason.
2	Upon the vault in which this Treason was hatcht
3	Upon the digging of it.
4	Upon their working in the night.
5	Upon the bringing of the Powder from Lambeth and laying it in the Cellar.
6	Upon the Letter sent to my Lord Mounteagle.
7	1 Upon the quill that writ the Letter.
8	2 Upon the sending of it to the King.
9	The Kings discovering of the plott.
10	Upon Faux, the Man-Midwife ready to deliver it
11	The March of hunting appointed to surprize the Lady Elizabeth.
	The miscarying of the birth.
	Romes Downefall in Black-Fryers upon their first day of November.

1	<i>Proditionis conceptus.</i>
2	<i>Matrix, in qua pubescit embryon.</i>
3	<i>Tempus quo generatur monstrum.</i>
4	<i>Ipsæ generandi actus.</i>
5	<i>Concepti fama.</i>
6	<i>Fama mercurius</i>
7	<i>Partus determinatio</i>
8	<i>Trælecta Obstetrix</i>
9	<i>Natalis expectata celebratio</i>
10	<i>Abortivum monstrum</i>
11	<i>Parturientis periculum.</i>



# PRODITIONIS CONCEPTVS.

*Vpon the first plotting of the Treason.*



And see; the Pope hath travail'd  
once againe

With a new *Affrick* Monster,  
worfe then came

From their she-popedome, when  
a woman prov'd

the Churches head, & all the body mov'd. (then  
poore headlesse she-church, where was thy head  
then *Ione* did loose her maiden-head with men?  
In she tooke care for that, least *Rome* should need  
succeeding Popes, she would her self popes breed)  
at whither roves my muse? come backe againe

and see another of that b

oe big with envie, lat

well'd with a plot, n

eady to teeme forth

strange delivery, t

was comming for

o big a monster,

ve *Rome*! thou

hat can with

## II.

*Matrix, in quâ pubescit embrio.*

Vpon the vault, in which the treason  
was hatcht.

## I.

*Upon the buying of the vault.*

Downe with price of blood, if you would faine  
As you have sold out soules, buy in againe.  
The purchase you have got by emptying  
Your purgatorie may well ful't againe.  
Looke on this arched vault, how will it make  
An high way passage to the Stygian Lake?  
The price you had the last soules you did sell,  
Will buie the Catholiques this way to hell.  
Where's He that beares the bag, your Indas tro  
That seeketh to betray his Mother so?

we

the vault is sold

oney told.

nt you hee'l sweare

ne relique are.

d, and we

as he

n; And be it so,

<sup>2</sup>  
*Vpon the digging of the vault.*

<sup>1</sup>  
And what are you that Tribe, who doe denye  
Your black guard thus, the honour of a bed?  
Who make it death once with a bride to lye,  
Tis Symony to buy a maiden head.

<sup>2</sup>  
And yet forsooth you'l dare to ravish all  
At once your common mother, force a birth  
Whether she will or no a monster shall, (earth  
Teeme from her wombe out of the groaning

<sup>3</sup>  
You'l rent her matrix else, which nature taught  
By closing such an incest to deny:  
As if she had foreseene, that Rome had thought  
To grapple with her mothers secrecy.

<sup>4</sup>  
What steepes your frolik spleenes in choller so?  
What mooves your touchy blood to such a tide,  
How came your pampred carkasses to doe  
Such ravisht rapes unto your mothers side?

<sup>5</sup>  
And must you needs with pickaxe, and with spade,  
Threaten unlesse she grant your villany?  
Have you no milder Rhetorique to perswade,  
And woe a yeeld to such a curtesie?

What



6.

What made you strike so deepe? was your intent  
 To fathom *Styx*, or sound blacke *Acheron*?  
 To cast a causy to *Don Vulcans* rent,  
 Thus fetch provision he had wrought upon

7.

No no; you dreamt perchance that you should find  
 Some yron veine, which nature minted there  
 Of purpose to helpe forward such a mind,  
 And runne Art out of breath in a prepare

8.

To such a stratagem; dreame on, take out  
 A rib of yron from Dame natures side,  
 Fall in your dreame again, then cast about  
 To make your rib the hottest brunt abide.

9.

Dig deeper yet, perchance at length you'll finde  
 That nature hath dung'd their Salt-peter too  
 And left her wooden legs and stilts behinde,  
 To nourish up the flames, all these for you.

10.

But hold your hands, sweat no more marrow now  
 Spend the earths ball no farther, nor your strength  
 I feare the proverbe will prove true, below,  
 You dig'd so deepe, there came a damp at length



III.

*Tempus, quo generatur monstrum.*

Vpon their working in the night.

I

Sleep *Phæbus* sleepe;

What makes thee peepe?

Do not so soone thy sable curtaines draw,

Lie downe againe in *Thetis* lap,

'Twas late before thou wentst to bed we saw,

O prythee take another nap.

If thou beginst to rise, these night owles then

Must leave their work, when others do begin,

Then *Phæbus* stay,

You will but make an Holy day.

2

What made thee wake?

Couldst thou not take

Thy rest to night, thou heardst such knocking

Let not thy fiery steeds yet sup (here?)

Their mornings draught, nor run their full careere

Why dost thou call *Aurora* up?

They plotted not against thy Deity.

Then *Phæbus* stay,

You will but beg another play.

## 3

Goe drowfie droanes,  
 Make, make your moanes,  
 To your dead-living Saints; sigh prayers that th  
 May intercede for you and get,  
 The Sunne to stand ith' heavens, and so delay  
 The dawning of the morning, yet  
 Cry lowder, let another beade yet fall ;  
 Make up your prayers compleate, or you'l marr  
 For want of sleepe,  
 Your prayers awake you cannot keepe.

## 4

See see, the day  
 Makes no delay.  
 Then *Phaeton* doe thou mount up the coach,  
 Let loose the horses carelesse raines,  
 That they may run away the days approach.  
 On faster wheelles, with easie paines  
 Whip on thy foaming steeds, that we may feare  
 The ratling of thy coach like thunder heere.  
 Come draw away,  
 That night shee sooner hasten may.

5

Tis here, the night  
Hath scar'd the light.

The day hath new undrest her self, I saw  
But now her under-peticoat.  
My thought 'twas dyed in a red more raw  
Then any flesh of sheepe or goat;  
But as she stript her selfe of that, she drew  
A modest Curtaine, thicke as night, to shew,  
She Vail'd her head,  
As *Vesper* sent her downe to bed.

6

Now all the light  
Is claspt in night.

*Morpheus* hath wodd all things to rest you see,  
There's no dog moves unlesse it barke  
Or madnesse at the Moone, least she descry  
Their deedes of darkenesse in the darke.  
But never feare: bid *Phæbus* kisse his Bride  
That she may blush to see her evening tide.  
Worke while you may,  
Then let him come to wake the day.

7.

Up *Phaeton*,

Up, up, be gone.

Goe guide thy Father to his mate, that he  
 May court her with his rosie lips;  
 Then in conjunction goe with her, till she  
 Embraced be to an eeclips.  
 Thus vaile her face that she may never be  
 Privie to such a monstrous villany.

Away, Away

*Phæbus* is rise to call the day.

## IV.

*Ipse generandi actus.*

Vpon the bringing of the Gunpowd  
 from *Lambeth* over the *Thames*, and lay-  
 ing it in the Cellar.

I

Where is thy Legate ( *Rome* ? ) Let him provid  
 His sparkling Spanish jennet straight,  
 Coapt in his trappings made of gold  
 When th' golden fleece came from your fold  
 His feet weil shod with Indy plate:  
 His crisping maine to twisted lockes divide,  
 Fit for the riders pride.

2

See how the horses praucing doth foretell  
 How he expects his rider, see  
 In what a language he doth pray  
 His master for to come away,  
 And deck him with his company.  
 Heare how hee neighes, his neighing doe but spell  
 It hastens his farewell.

3

Quicknen thy legare then; doe, bid him scale  
 His fiery speed, and winged poast  
 With thy Embassage unto hell;  
 There once arived let him tell  
 Don. Pluto Primate of that hoast,  
 Charons soory keele must hoise his saile  
 Waiting a trusty gale.

4

and to thy tacklings then (*Styx-Ferry-guide*)  
 The winde hath sight a foster gale  
 Launch out, glide o're the *Stygian* lake  
 A fairer harbour yo umust take.  
 Doe but your beaten pinnece hale  
 our *Thamesis*, there it shall pride  
 It selfe in *Neptunes* tide.

5

Those silver streames shall wash hell from thy  
 And turne that dye, *Styx* left it last (boate  
 Into a Cignets purer white,  
 By their reflection made more bright.  
 Who when they first thy ferry pass,  
 Dabbling in that thy keele there set a float,  
 Got there so black a foot.

6

But faster *Charon*; sweat a little more,  
 What maketh *Aeolus* thus blow?  
 Me thinkes he seemeth out of breath,  
 Or else his wind is pent beneath,  
 That he becomes shortwinded so,  
 On *Charon*, worke the harder; you are fore  
 Expected long before.

7

See how the swelling barrells, stufte with fire,  
 Are big with expectation:  
 They long untill they see thy boat,  
 In which they must be set a float,  
 To take another station.  
 Strange contract, see the water flakes her ire  
 and entertaines the fire.

8

(there?

stay, what meanes those well growne vessels  
What? have you poudred up your plot  
In barrels, least it should not keep,  
Or be discovered when you sleepe?  
Sure then some vent your treason got  
That 'twould not keep so long, untill you were  
To set abroach November's beere.

V

Concepti fama.

on the letter sent to my Lord Mounteagle.

mystery enwrapt in misteries,  
Comment farre obscurer then the text,  
fit that thou should meet an Eagles eyes (next  
th might peirce through the vaile, & tell what's  
Never mount Eagle: gaze not on the Sun  
glance downe-wards to the depth of Phlegeton,

closterd up in darkenesse, hid in hell,  
tled with night, prison'd in Acharon,  
barrel'd up in natures misty cell.  
e but the letter, and the danger's gone.  
strange plot! doe burn't: the blaze will let thee  
How to discover this darke mystrie.

C 2

The

The letter burnt, the danger's past, and all  
 The mysterie must then be over too,  
 And yet this burning makes it mysticall,  
 How can I spell it when 'tis burned so?

However burne it, in it burnt you'l see,  
 That which you reade not, when you read it

Darke letter ! folded up in flames indeede,  
 And therefore needs no wax to seale it fast,  
 Let who will reade, at most he can but reade,  
 And whn h' hath done, must burne it too at la  
 Fyer must tell thee what it meanes alone  
 And when the fyer's out, the dangers gone

## VI.

## Fame Mercurius.

Vpon the quill that writt the letter

What molting Seraphim did spill  
 That speaking, silent muttering quill?  
 That spake, yet spake not, speaking parables  
 Which kept and told the truth in miracles.  
 That two tounge'd Oratour that spake  
 Still twise at once, and still did make



mystery unknowne by clearing it,  
d knowne by making it obfcurer yet.

A quill, that could not fpeake th' intent  
Of him that writt, to whom 'twas fent.  
d yet could blab the fecraeft meaning too  
him, for whom 'twas maskt, and muffled fo.

A pen that by difcovering cover'd,  
And yet by covering was difcovered.  
anus face, that smiled one way now,  
d frown'd the other with a furrow'd brow.

A pen snatcht from *Apollo's* hand;  
That fpake pure *Delphos* language, and  
ould vent nought elfe but pure *Amphibolies*  
king this that, and that this, this and this;

A danger great by lening it,  
And none by making it fo great.

ackt from an Eagles wing; 'twas fuch an He,  
at brought it to our Sovereighn's Dicty.

Or from that ratling goofe which prattled  
The foes approaches, when 'thee cackled.  
from fome *Sphinx* his ftandith it did fall,  
at it unriddl'd in a riddle all.

2

on the fending of the letter to the King.

A letter to the King is fent,  
To riddle what the meaning meant;

C 3

A

A letter writ indeede from Babylon,  
Speaking confus'on, in confus'on.

Tis true, one language, onely came,  
And yet that language languages transpos'd  
A Letter in a Letter was enclos'd

So that the same seem'd not the same.

How well may Rome true Babell be,  
That speakes thus in a mysterye?

A masked tongue kept Babell from her height  
And Rom's confus'd language spoyles hir quite

Plaine English speake, when you write next  
Your letter meant, nought lesse then what it me  
Therefore 'twas sent, to whom it was not sent,  
Pray henceforth comment on your text.

Tis brought unto the King we see,  
That he may dive the mysterie.

Why? what's the matter! Are our Island's eyes  
Growne dimme with age, The Vniversities?

Why had not they the letter read?

They would at first strike deepe; 'tis true, but so  
That they looke through their Sovereigne, you

The eyes are alwaies in the *Head.* (kn

Partus determinatio.

Vpon the Kings discovering of the plot.

That Kings are sometimes Prophets too wofee,

What made our *James* else prophetic?   
 True vertue often crownes Nobilitie.

How true was he the King of Schollers fam'd,

That Rome with her owne sword hath tam'd?

Well Schollers King, well King of Schollers

(nam'd,

he paper bids him burne the paper, so

The danger would be over to.

he saves himselfe and paper with a No.

How so? we read the danger is not o're

unlesse the Letter burnt before.

then burne it, and the danger is no more.

ut reade againe, and then perhaps you'll see,

(kn How bravely you are danger free,

it be so soone o're-past, how soone wil't be?

his made our *James* more nimble then the fire,

This thought did make his thoughts retyre

Vo search out what was tangled in that bryer.

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This thought did make his thoughts retyre

Wo search out what was tangled in that bryer.

He dived therefore somewhat lower yet;  
 And truely such a dive was fitt,  
 To sound the intralls of so deepe a pitt.

His Nobles now as well as He must move,  
 And presently his verdict prove,  
 Searching out that below, he saw above.

They seeke, but see not: Did you never heare  
 Too nigh an object is too neare?  
 I can see better farther off then here.

The King sees yet: He bids them search agin:  
 They goe, then bring the message in.  
 Nothing before, is now the very thing.

(Thus have I scene a beagle soone o'rerunn,  
 The new-borne sent but now begunn,  
 Then counterhunt it when it is halfe donn.)

They, that made nothing of it, found it something  
 Reade backwards, if you meane the King,  
 Who making something of it, made it nothing.

VIII.

*Praelecta obStetrix.*

Vpon *Faux* ready to deliver it.

ut Monster-Tiger, a fell vipers brood, blood)  
 That would' st suck with thy milk, thy mother's  
 pawn'd with a *Richards* tush, not toothles borne,  
 rawing the fountaine-breast, thou wouldst have  
 passage to hir heart, gnawd that for food, (torne  
 nd like *Promethæus* Vultur suckt on blood.  
 thou'lt suck, but so that thou mayst open too (flow  
 conduit-veine whence blood with milke may  
 wonder that thy mother wean'd Thee not  
 om hir, whence thou this Viper-nature got.  
 thy step-nurse, Rome I meane, that purple whore  
 hose breasts milkt venome from a putrid soare.)  
 at see, Rome nurs't Thee, therefore thou wilt be  
 hir brought up unto this villany.  
 me once a *Nero* had to kill a mother,  
 ast Rome should want one now, thou prov'st a  
 nd hath not she hir Jesuits, that thou (nether.  
 ust prove a Mid-wife to hir treason now?  
 hat would you have the whore when all is done  
 y at our doore hir new borne bastard sonne?  
 want grosse excrements know thus much, that  
 ngland doth scorne to Father such a brat.



## Upon the same.

Vp night-owle, and breake o'pe thy sealed eyes,  
Venter to looke upon the mantled skyes.

*Sol* hath remov'd his court, the glorious day

And all his followers have packt away.

Night is full mounted in her seate of jet,

And lies wrapt in her cloudy cabanet.

Feare not, *Apollo's* gone; his prying eye

Can neither see nor blab thy villanie.

Envie hath gone her time, and doth begin

To be in travell with her full-growne sin.

Vp then, and see that all things ready be

'Tis thou must hasten her delivery,

*Pluto* hath sent his Pursivant away

To summon thy appeareance, make no stay:

Goe, take thy charge, that thou maist licenc't be,

And show a parrant for thy villany.

Fetch thy darke-lantherne, that true *Gyges* ring,

Which, thou unseene, makes Thee see ev'ry thin

Take that turn'd-Hypocrite, whose outward sho

Is night, but inward like the day doth glow.

Foule as a mist without, all fayre within,

Vice would seeme vice sometimes to cloake a fi

Thy darke companion will still be true,

And by denying light, will lighten you.

Then downe with hast to that infernall cell,

Where furous envy, and hid treason dwell.



all them Hell's suffrage hath elected you  
 roome of that chamber, where death lyes below  
 and you must call it up as soone as day  
 e christned, as the Sunne whips night away.  
 ooke then unto your charge, and see that he  
 eepe not beyond his time, but stirring be;  
 se all his breakefast may be spoyl'd, and He  
 Will misse his morning's draft of Majestie.  
 or you (proud factors for the Netherlands,  
 gent for hell) must suffer *Morphews* bands  
 o tye your eye-lids up: what if the birth  
 iscarry, ere the night expires her breath.  
 Instead of being Sainted, you shall be  
 rold for purgatory, and there made free. (eyes  
 Then girt thy selfe for Rome, and charge thine  
 at they like watchfull *Argus* keepe the prize.  
 be, thou an *Herrogliphick* to the hare,  
 eepe waking with thine eyes unclos'd, and bare.  
 ng, and when the day begins to ope her eyes  
 hin ke *Nilus* with the rising Sunne arise.  
 sho that though thou saile through the *Aegæan* sea,  
 oft up and downe with fear's perplexity?  
 a sinke every one thou see'st is come to bring  
 ee tydings of a kingdome to a King.  
 ou seek'st a throne: who would not think it  
 o swim unto it through a sea of blood? (good  
 ut heaven looks on, & *Jove* is comming down  
 s milkie pavement with a furrow'd frowne

Justice

Justice sits in his eye (and yet 'tis blinde :  
 It sees but sees not ; smiles that it should finde  
 Such secreacie in Treason) vengeance lyes  
 Wrapt in the wrinkles round about his eyes.  
 Next, down the Regent walke, *Astræa* came  
 Following high Love to Iudge the world againe.  
 Justice tooke wing before, and left the earth,  
 But seeing crueltie recover breath,  
 And grow to such a Gyant-stature, shee  
 Returnes bedeckt with greater Majestie.  
 The *Cyclops* arm'd with thunder round about,  
 Attends them both to drive those Traitors out.  
 Then tremble treachery ; treason unmaske  
 Thy muff'd face ; make bare thy knees, and ask  
 A pardon of the Gods : hold up thy hand,  
 Guilt doth indite Thee, and for guilty stand.  
 Justice is come to visit once againe,  
 Tenders hir hand to kisse, if you'l reclaime.  
 Or else (by that impartiall soule, that guides  
 Hir hand) the sword your soule and clay divides  
 No no : (Grand Engineere of crueltie)  
 Ne're startle at the newes : what's this to thee ?  
 Thou hast an *Heliotrophiæ*-stone, which will  
 Put out the eyes of Justice, blinde hir still.  
 Send for Don *Plutus*'s sheild, that thou maist see  
 Approaching justice, and shee not see Thee.  
 Stare in the face of vengeance, and outdare  
 Those executioners, that comes to skare (peale  
 Thee from thy charge : Laugh at their thunder-  
 And let them heare the Eccho oft from hell.

hy? thou'rt prepar'd for this; can this be newse,  
 when thou such prodigies thy selfe dost use?  
 Harden thy cruell heart, untill it grow  
 And like a Sea-calf to withstand the blow  
 Shorter vengeance: crowne thy head with bayes,  
 ne. scare the *Cyclops* from thy hidden wayes.  
 All scarce doe: with thine owne plot begin,  
 Now them from earth up into heaven agin,  
 Thou know'st thy charg; what Rome expects from  
 Now she hath cram'd thee for this crueltie? (Thee;  
 Write after hir, and when the coppie's writt;  
 Let all that reade, see thou'rt hir counterfeitt.  
 Like hir, but more cruell in thy wit,  
 Write by the coppie, but still better it.  
*Romulus* suck'd a wolfe, and was as shee, (bee.  
 Thou suckst of Rome, then thou like Rome must  
 That *Romulus* did suck, to Rome he gave,  
 That Rome from *Romulus*, that thou must have,  
 Twie them all, Rome, *Romulus*, and Hir  
 ides at nurst thy cruell grand progenitor.

X

Natu-

Upon the misterying of the birth  
 Of havy I knowen child above Parado  
 During the old dayes and night

*Natalis expectata celebratio.*

Vpon the match of hunting appointed on  
the birth day, where they intended to surprize the  
*Lady Elizabeth*, but in the meane time they  
themselves were surpriz'd.

*Acteon's* gone to hunt, the day we see  
Appointed is, and where the game shall be.

*Acteon* as he hunted glanc'd a side,  
And there *Diana* in a thicket spy'd.

*Diana*? No, it was a fairer she,  
Her Nymphs it may be might *Diana's* be.

And yet me thinkes *Diana* it should be  
Rather *Diana's* true Divinity.

For as *Acteon* spies that beauty there,  
*Acteon's* sturn'd *Acteon* like a Deere.

He that came forth to hunt is hunted straight,  
They lye in waite for him, that lay in waite.

The yelping Ecchoes of the hound's are done,  
The Hue and Cry after the Hunter's gone:

I see that Poets now can prophesie,

And in a parable tell what shall be.

I see that fables are not alwaies lyes,

Time often doth a fable moralize.

*Abortivum Monstrum.*

Vpon the miscarrying of the birth.

Oft have I knowne a child prove Parracide,  
Dividing soule and clay as't did divide

Th

the Parent's gasping wombe, through which her  
 sent with the body of the child for tole (soule  
 d o pay the infant's passage, and reprove it  
 e th om th' falling prison, if not quite releive it.  
 ey m times a child the Parent's name doth smother,  
 lling the mother 'fore it had a mother,  
 it have I heard a woman travail'd so  
 at in the sigh her soule did come and goe.  
 range travell ! when her soule is faine to take  
 farre a journey for her infants sake.  
 hen thus the Parent mother must begin  
 o leave the world to bring her infant in ;  
 ust dye, to teach hir child how first to live,  
 nd being dead in it learne to revive  
 s if *Pythagoras* had taught her soule  
 s transmigration, And it knew no Pole :  
 o Paradise, but presently did passe,  
 nd in the infant clay informant was.  
 hat ? did you never see a wombe deny  
 he burthen, but unload it presently.  
 ome proves it selfe an *Hieroglyphick* well  
 o speake what I have spoke, and yet shall spell  
 he truth once over to you more ; if yet  
 our cloak't-capaciti's are hid from it.  
 deede their fruitfull shee-Pope tarry'd not,  
 it brought forth soone, as if she had forgot  
 nce to bespeake a midwife, or else thought  
 o brew as well as she had bak't for nought.

And

And yet see, how shee's brought to bed in State  
 How many thousands hir congratulate  
 Being at hir labour met. I wonder she  
 Was brought to bed alone in companie. (faine

But now ther's no such matter; Rome would  
 Once travaile with a second birth againe.

And see, the Pope grows big indeede: How now  
 What, hath not Rome had breeding Popes enough  
 How did your Card'nalls misse the chayre, that  
 Have let another she-Pope slip away? (the

Oh 'tis no matter, they'l take care that she  
 Be not deliver'd now too openly.

The heav'n no more shall prove a Canopie  
 The Market place no more a chamber be.

When this shall be deliver'd Rome will bye  
 A privie-chamber for this secrecie.

(Had not Pope *Iane* bin brought to bed so part,  
 She would have found a vault too for hir Bratt.

But see, the birth day's come; Conduct your  
 Vnto hir privie-chamber, where ther's store (whom  
 Of *Pluto's* Pothecharie drugs that be  
 Provided for her safe delivirie.

What? Is she yet in labour? hath she got  
 Hir Predicessors faculty or not?

Had she an harder travaile then your *Iane*?

What hath God sent hir tro? what two or one  
 I feare she was so overbig, that shee

With Bratt miscarri'd in deliverie.

Wha

*Novembris Monstium.*

What was the matter Rome? did not t.  
Goe full the time she reckon'd on before?  
Was this hir fitt conceived bratt, that shee  
before hir time met hir deliverie?  
What? Is the child still borne? Tis so I see  
The birth's abortive, though the mother be.  
Thus have I seene an hasty apple drop  
abortive from the tree before the crop.  
But then 'twas rotten, blasted, withered  
Although the mother-tree was no way dead.)  
The still-borne batt hath thus miscarried,  
'twas not deliver'd though delivered.  
The womb that casts before the time doth still  
Threaten the Infant, if not alwaies kill.  
Wher's now the Infant which new borne had  
at once both *England* & her soverainge? (flaine  
, Which had spitt living coales as he began  
to live, and dy'd as they had dyed than.  
What meanes *November's* fift day and the store  
provided for the birth so long before?  
The purple whore this day expected shee  
should have beene blest with her deliverie.  
This day once come, the birth was high indeed;  
But th' Bratt was still borne, we delivered.  
The child, which dyes before it lives, doth still  
Threaten the Mother Parent, if not kill.



*Novembris Monstrum.*

XI.

*Parturientis periculum.*

Vpon the whores downefall in *Blackfryer*  
on their fift day of *November*.

What makes us then figh prayers for *Babel's* fall  
As if that *Babylon* ne're fell at all  
Wher's *Rome's* Armado *Spaine* fo stood upon,  
No Navie but a wand'ring *Babylon*?  
Is not that fallen? True; how could it stand?  
It was a *Babel*, but 'twas built o'th' sand.  
The wind's they whiff'd to the wav's a charge,  
The wav's brake out, and roaring speake at large  
Their message to the Sands: the sands obey  
After the cap'ring waves they dance away. (con  
When th' wind thus blew, when thus the water  
There *Babel* built upon the sands, prov'd lame.

What makes us then figh prayers for *Babel's* fall

As if that *Babylon* ne're fell at all?

But on, what meanes *November's* Holy-day?  
Her fift dayes chiefeft royalty, which may  
Be calculated with the reddest letter,  
To speake their bloody Stratagem the better.  
*Rome* then began to build a *Babel* too,  
She dig'd for a foundation fo low;



*Novembris Monstrum.*

And then had thought to plucke downe  
Out of her ruines to repaire their owne. (Thi  
But as they built they were surpriz'd, that they  
Were faine to leave their Babel halfe the way.

Thus not to rise is nothing but to fall,  
Who'l say that Babylon ne're fell at all?

But once more reade, and then perhaps you'l see  
Babel a third time fall a third degree.

Water did once o'retop Rom's Babel's so,  
That though 'twere Babel it did Rome ore throw  
Babell first fell by water, next by fire,  
Not that it burnt, but that it slack't it's ire.

Fire and water, though they disagree  
Become now sister Elements we see

And joyne their forces to enact heav'ns will,  
Th' one by fighting, th' other standing still.

What fire and water doth, that earth will doe,  
For earth did swallow falling Babell too.

*November* twice saw Babel fall on day,  
This makes her fift day twice an holy day.

And *Eighty Eight* told Babell by her fall,  
That, that was then her Climactericall.

And yet is Babell still? where doth she stand?  
She fell by water, and she fell by land.

Thrice Babylon we see hath got a fall,  
But oh that she were fallen once for all!

Babel's so high it is no wonder she,  
Is so long falling to her last degree.

But

*Novembris Monstrum.*

'Tis well that she three stories tell;  
but the fourth, 'twill bring her downe to hell.  
Me thinkes I see those knotted rafters there  
Like carv'd-out *Atlases*, which well might beare  
A burthen greater then the *Sphaeres* could lend  
An *Aetna* if it once began to bend.  
Enough to keepe up mountaines, and support  
From nodding even *Babel's* stoutest fort.  
And yet when *Babel's* Bratt loaded with sinne,  
Comes on the Stage to act her part therein;  
It makes the oake to yeeld, the Cedar bend  
And roots up the foundation from their end.  
That which before did make the prouder walls  
Sprout up to heav'n, tript up by heav'n, it falls  
Downe leuell with the earth, and that which knew  
No crookednes, bends like a twig of yew.  
Sin makes the creatures groane, & bowing downe  
Lye in the dust for that, man won't bemoane.  
Fye purblind Rome! what made your bald-pate  
Outface the face of heav'n in such an hew? (crew  
Did heav'n your fift days treachery betray  
That you might turne it to an Holy-day?  
Went on your plot so well, that you must call  
A day apart for a set Festivall?  
What ignorance hath brawn'd your foolish soule  
That when the arme of strength stretcht out con-  
With a proclaim'd defiance what you did, (troule  
Poynting out that from heav'n, which lay so hid?

You

You nod at the finger in a triumph straight,  
 And shout the conquest being lead captivate?  
 What made you sound the Trumpet so and call  
 Such a rife-affle to your Stygian hall?  
 Was it that you might belch out a desie  
 In open Court upon the Gods, 'cause they  
 Opening the casements of the spangl'd spheare  
 Lookt downe from heaven, and so discov'rd there  
 That mantled project, which you thought to keep  
 From them; no, no, The gods are not a sleep.  
 Or was it 'cause that *Albion* baukt your ire  
 You'd curse us to a Purgatories fire?  
 Rather purchance you felt an hell within  
 Still glowing in each conscience, which the sin  
 Had newly kindkd; and dispaire had blowd,  
 Till it to a consuming fire glowd.  
 And therefore you must thither poast to take  
 The refuge of your holy water-lake;  
 Sprinkling your selfe with it, that you might tame  
 The fury of your selfe consuming flame.  
 Or wash your hands in it, and so might be  
 As innocent as *Eden* puritie.  
 Fondnesse! as if that niter could cleanse sinne,  
 Which may show faire without, when foule with-  
 Or else to blesse your selves from after losses, (in  
 Crossing your selves to keep your selves from crof-  
 Nor this nor that: you thought that rable crue (ses  
 (Which in a Catholique bravado threw

There

There carelesse lives away, that they might get  
More Kingdomes to your Triple Coronet)  
Were hang'd to Saints, & that their unjust doome  
Was nothing but to suffer Martyrdoine.  
And therefore you'd be sure the fift day too  
Should be as well an Holy-day to you.

Thus winged with a faultering zeale thy flye  
Vnto their consecrated Friery  
T'adore those new-made Saints, and gratulate  
Their safe arrivall at the *Eliz'an* state.  
And now to them, wh' alive were dead in feares,  
Being dead, they pray to rid them of their cares.  
Then by a gen'rall councell they agree  
To celebrate their yearely memory,  
Thus rob the yeare of dayes, that so they may  
Give to each Saint his sev'rall Holy-day.  
Or' cause they jointly suffred as one member  
They give an All-Saints-day unto *November*.  
Fond zelots! you had better turne the page,  
Convert your feasts into a pilgrimage.  
Walke with repentant feete to forreigne Isles  
Their sigh your selves to sadder syllables:  
And evry desert, that you softly tread  
With naked pennance feete, let fall a Beade.  
That so all passengers in after age  
May count the paces of your pilgrimage.

Put downe your Saints, that by their merits found  
 A new way up to heaven, above the ground.  
 Those ropes will serve for cords to gird about  
 Your hairie loynes to doe your pennance out?  
 Or else preserve them, till you steale away  
 The Poles, on which their head's march in array,  
 Then send them o're, I'll warrant you they'l be  
 A choicer Relique for posteritie.  
 But whisper softly (muse) a while, you'le drive  
 Those empty droanes out of their borrow'd hive.  
 You'l coole their hot divotion, put them out  
 Before their Ceremony's brought about.  
 You'l turne the Priest besides the cushion straight,  
 Make him scratch mem'ry from his balder pate,  
 Before h' hath found it, he will loose the text,  
 And scarce the first word out, forget the next.  
 You'le make the other from his palse fist  
 Drop downe his wafer God-Emmanualist.  
 And then some sawcy dog will snatch it there,  
 And transubstantiate it, I know not where.  
 The third disturb'd, will sprinkle unawares  
 The Holy-water on the sacred sta' res.  
 Stand backe a while, keepe off, vengeance will  
 And summon them to silence ere they've done.  
 Looke what that right hand speakes unto the wall,  
 See there imprinted fairely Babels fall.

The

The hand from heav'n hath charg'd the walls, th  
 Withdraw their shoulders, and the walls obey.  
 Nay there stands *Sampson*, him whom they beg  
 With sulphur'd lungs to spitt their venome on,  
 And like the wanton Philistines to play  
 Some pranks upon him on their holy-day.  
 But he the truer *Sampson* verifi'd  
 What Typically & other *Sampson* did.  
 He toucht the posts with a command, they fall  
 Striking all dead into one funerall.  
 Perchance they thought He was as blind as He,  
 But henceforth see, the eye of heaven can see.  
 A *Videor video* smil'd on you before,  
 He saw you then how durst you tempt him more  
 But when the Asse, that fallies into the pit  
 Will not take heede, Hee'l fall agin it it.  
 Who bolder then blind Bayard, who more blind  
 Then such a sottish, stockish, rabble kind  
 Where ignorance doth murther zeale, a brat  
 As blind as their carv'd God, as cold as that?  
 But now by this I hope they've learnt to see  
 They strike at heaven, that aime at Majestie.  
 Proud *Gygantian* race, leave off to move  
 In Martiall fight the unconquerd Gods above.  
 What? will you get 'gainst Iove your seiges lay  
 And still before the walls of heaven display  
 Hells blacker banners, raise the siege at length,  
 Retrait, ne're stay to trye out strength with strength

You felt the weight of his immed'tate hand,  
 Who beck'ning only just at his command:  
 Destruction posted plum'd with Fury's wing  
 And stay'd not for a solemne summoning  
 By Gods owne pursevants which commonly  
 Doe use to be destruction's *Mercury*.  
 Fire or water, stormes, or darts of thunder,  
 These use to be his messengers of wonder.  
 Sometimes he post's to batle in array,  
 Wrapt in a whirlwind, fur'ous of delay.  
 Sometimes he rides upon a prouder wave  
 And thence he doth his stoutest foes outbrave.  
 Sometimes againe he marcheth through a cloud  
 Girt with a scarfe of light'ning, and aloud  
 Send's forth his watchword to the *Cyclop's* there  
 Who rank's the Squadron's out, & keeps the reere)  
 Bidding them with as loud a voyce discharge  
 A volly of thunder, which may rend at large  
 The duskish mantle of the skyes, and make  
 A passage through the clouds, that wrath may  
 A freer Aime to shoote her vengeance right (take  
 And execute what he decree'd hath quite.  
 Now this, and this, now that's his messenger,  
 Yet alwaies God hath not a harbinger.  
 Sometimes his hand doth smite without a sword,  
 Sometimes without an hand, he sends his word,  
 Whereof the softest accent is enough  
 To rend the world if once sent out in wrath.



Then see (proud Rome) thy seedd villany,  
 That Majestie it selfe must deale with Thee.  
 Creatures those Proxie-searjants of the King,  
 Hee'le hardly trust at thy grand suffering.  
 To rid away thy execution,  
 Hee'l be in presence there to see it done.  
 He might have rent the bowells of the earth,  
 That roaring *Bor'as* with his blustering breath,  
 And whirlwind-noftrills might rush forth, & cast  
 The Fabrick levell at one rendring blast.  
 He might have op't the treasury's of the ayre,  
 And sling'd his hayle downe, to untop it bare.  
 Thus made away for thicker stormes to fall  
 And sling downe death on each in ev'ry ball.  
 He might have bidden *Neptune* call away  
 His whiteplum'd hills to march in set aray.  
 And with his Trident-mace command each wave  
 To swell unto a tide, and thus out-brave  
 The proudest top that peirc't above the rest,  
 And swept thy building top away at last.  
 He might have caus'd a showre of brimston fall  
 And rain'd downe flames of Gunpowder withall  
 Not to blow up it, but to burne downe all.

But neither fire did fall, nor water rise  
 Nor wind, nor storme joyn'd in this enterpize.  
 The word, that with a word did make all these  
 Without them, can doe when, and what he please

When



When he intends to make his glory ride  
 Tryumphant, shining with a sacred pride:  
 He lay's a side the meanes with his left hand;  
 And with his right doth, what he please, com-  
 Then tremble Babylon to see thy fall, (mand;  
 'Twas God himselfe was in the reeling wall.  
 He set himselfe to do: that all might see  
 'Twas his right arme that gave the victory.  
 His presence made the trembling stones to shake  
 Maquivering ague, and the rafters quake,  
 Till all their unknit joynts were loos'd, the wall  
 Before his sacred presence downe did fall.  
 He charg'd the sinewes of the house to shrinke,  
 And bid the pinns untie, that all might sincke.  
 They heard his voyce, and at his voyce obey,  
 Thus thus the crumbling fabrick pines away.  
 What makes us then sigh prayers for Babels fall  
 As if that Babylon nere fell at all?  
 It fell, and sure the fall was great; it fell  
 As if it had prepar'd away to hell;  
 Making a passage with it's weight, to send  
 That rable rout unto their Stygian end.  
 It fell, and in the fall below'd so loud,  
 As if two rocks, falling at once, did crowd,  
 Pushing each others side, and strove which shall  
 Echo the neighbouring hills the louder call.  
 It fell, and struck so, it could not more harne  
 Had it beeno hurled from a Cyclops arme.

It fell but holloo'd out, so loud i'th fall;  
 As if it would the dead, it kild, recall.  
 It fell; stop there! Lett's heare a while what Rome  
 Can say unto this second Martyrdome. (yeare  
 Should they but pilfer out more dayes from th'  
 To cannonize for those that suffer'd there  
 They must create new Almanacks, and make  
 Their next yeare longer for their Martyr's sake.  
 Or else joyne two Saints, to make up one day,  
 A sunkin, and a gimkin Holy-day. (trick  
 Now plodding Rome, what have your pie-ball  
 Gendred in plotting 'gainst the Hereticke.  
 Goe, goe, divide the spoyle that is come in,  
 Wee'le cast up ours, and let them laugh that win  
 You thought to make us rise, by rising fall;  
 You fell at once, but never rise at all.  
 If we had fell, by falling we had rise  
 Hell's sometimes the high-way-roade to blisse.  
 Had you then rise, yet rising you had fell,  
 Heaven is sometimes the broadest way to hell.  
 You fell, we stand, heaven downward striks we  
 And hell aimes upwards; what's the mistery?  
 Is Rome's *America* plac'd in the Ayre,  
 Their new found Purgatory founded there?  
 That *Pluto* plot's such stratagems to guard  
 The English Catholiques up thither-ward.  
 'Tis so I see; their Purgatory's there;  
 I thought it was a Castle in the ayre.

*Novembris Monstrum.*

*The Corollary.*

Strange birth! the Pope he is the Holy Father,  
The Earth the Mother is, the Master rather.  
*Pluto* the Grandfire, and the Deputyes  
Not two or foure, but all the infernall fryes  
Of Monk's, and Iesuit's, Priests, Masse Priests too  
Intended are as witnesses unto  
This Affrick birth; would you the midwife yet?  
*Faux* was appointed to deliver it,  
It was begot in Hell, conceiv'd in Rome,  
And should have beene deliver'd here at home.  
But *England* would not lend that life, which fell  
To be a Mongrell betwixt Rome and and Hell.

November's Manuscript.

The Corollary

23 AP 57

# NOVEMBRIS MONSTRVM.

OR

The Historicall narra-  
tion of the damnable  
*Powder-Treason.*

WITH

The dayes *Is* for *England's* Mira-  
culous deliverance.

P A R S II.

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London, Printed by *Frances Leach.*

1641.

D 4

Newcomb's Manuscripts.

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D 4



## To the Iudicious Reader.

**N**Ot biting Satyr, nor an hony stile  
Dropt only from a Parasite I will.  
*A bitter sweet is good, wormewood in wine  
Is to a Poet the best Hypocreene.*  
*Thou art the Man unto the man of Sinne  
Is the Musit'ans hitting the right string.*  
*Her's nothing whipt and stript but Babels Bratt,*  
*Which long agoe hath beene condemn'd to that.*  
*Thenc all not bitter sweet, nor sweetnesse bitten*  
*If you finde both, you will finde both together,*  
*And so both mingled, both together shall,*  
*Prove to bad stomackes a good Cordiall.*  
*Be but judicious in thy censure then,*  
*And if thou rellish gall dropt from the pen,*  
*Conclude it is not hony, nor should be :*  
*Or that thou bringest a sick taste with Thee.*



NOVEM



# NOVEMBERS

## MONSTRVM.

**H**us have I seene Ambition's Min'on  
 soare  
 To teach the towring Mount of cob-  
 wed-fame,  
 Counting it Piety, rimbace in goare  
 His blood-rent hands, so He may get a name.  
 Though He like *Tantalus* both live and dye:  
 Catch at the Apple, that doth most Him flye.

2

(glory)

Thus that proud Impe, that thought to ware his  
 Before the *fire* of *Diana's* shrine,  
 And make his name blaze forth in his own story  
 Brighter then did the glowing Temple shine,  
 Must needs attempt that sacriledge to have  
 His name & Him joynt-tenants of one grave.

3

Thus have I knowne a Monke and Fryers pride  
 Lustle for th' wall of cruelty, and see  
 Which of them should prove better Regicide,  
 That they for Saints may canonized be. (glory)  
 Whilst he that thinkes to blazon forth their  
 Blots out their names in setting out their story

D 5

The

4

He that doth looke, from honour's hands to have  
 The Lawrell wreath, to crowne his works withall  
 Must with the hands of virtue it receive  
 Virtue gives scutch'ons to a funerall.

Else he, that would be heire of Fame, shall be  
 Excecutor of nought, but Infamie.

5

If *Icarus* doe strive with borrow'd wings  
 To reach the Sun, and grapple with his bride,  
 Youle see how soone his false Ambition flyngs  
 Him downe, and drownes his honour in the tyde  
 He that makes wings to flye to fame, shall see  
 Fame will be ready to take wing and flee.

6

What did proud *Phaeton's* ambitious minde  
 (In coveting his Father's reines to guide)  
 Provide him for a Trophye, did he finde  
 That was the rode, where Fame and glory ride?  
 No, Fame will ne're Ambition's yoake-mate be  
 Hell must lend fire to light his infamie.

7

(stayres

Then thinke no more (Proud Rome) of building  
 That those may seale to heav'n, and Santed be,  
 Who were chiefe agents for thy hell-affaires,  
 In plotting treason, and hid Tyranny.

Thou can'st not raise a Babel half so high:  
 Ne're think to top those walls, or come so nigh

But

8

But if thou wilt needs have thy factors ride  
Full mounted on the *Pegasus* of Fame,  
Wee'le helpe them up, a *Pegasus* provide,  
But wing'd with infamy, and plum'd with shame:  
Blacke deedes are Cronocled that they may be  
Enrol'd for hatred, not for memory.

9

Then Historie fetch thy brazen penne, and send  
For incke from blacker *Acharon*, that I  
May (guided by thy hand) in brasse commend  
*Rom's Monster*-Bratt to all posterity.  
That sager Time, may point out Rome to see,  
And make her blush, at her owne progeny.

10

\* That dreaming Emperour, whose phancy prov'd  
Truer then *Phocas* did, that did succeed,  
Thought in his sleepe he slept, & death was mov'd  
By th' murd'rous hands of *Phocas* to proceed. (terric  
Deames prove not alwaies night-mayres, coun-  
Murtheres awake, when we least dreame of it.

11

This *Phocas* dranke ambition's *Mercury*,  
Which kindled such a fire within his breast,  
Nothing would quench his thirst, but Dignity,  
*Mauricius* must die, and \* all the rest.  
Thus waded through his blood unto his throne  
This prov'd a dreame to him: the other none.  
\* *Mauricius*. \* His wife and his Daughters,      Once

12

Once mounted to the high imperiall seate  
 Brim-full of Honour, honour must runne o're,  
 Let but th' Imposture Pope his consc'ence cheat  
 With a full pardon, and quit murder's score  
 Phocas will ope a sluice, from which shall flee  
 Supremacy to swell the Bishops See.

13

'Twas he, was Rom's grand Patron, and first  
 The Triple Crowne to th' Papall dignity, (gave  
 And that Rome might as horrid treasons have  
 He left his murthers for a legacy.  
 A cruell Monster must that honour be,  
 That's got of murder, and full Tyranie.

14

Rome proves his wil, and then makes hast to take  
 A full possession, next he seekes to find  
 Some cruell skulking Iesuite to make  
 Him treasurer of what was left behind:  
 Where warres doe nought, there treason must  
 If that the Lion failes, the Fox shall win. (begin

15

So have I seen a scattered army lye  
 (The conquer's strength soon conquered by  
 And yet the next day rise with victory, (slight  
 Getting by forging, what they lost by flight.  
 Our foe may teach us how to winne the prize  
 By falling often times wee learne to rise.

The

16

The Iesuite makes much of what h'hath got,  
Phocas his legacy shall not be spent,  
And yet he will be prodigall; but not  
Spend on the Principle, tis his intent  
To trade with Hell, and put it out to use,  
That, which the Feinds return, shall feed abuse.

17

And well he hath improv'd what Phocas left:  
For envy, Mallice full inveterate;  
For murther, Murthers, mixt with skulking theft:  
For Regicide, both King and kingdom's Fate:  
To kill a king is petty treason, fit  
For lay-murder, not a Iesuite.

18

Those poled Pates have quite improv'rish't hell,  
And mate the Duke of darkenesse morgage all  
His hidden plots to them; treason shall dwell  
No more within Don Pluto's Stygian Hall,  
All's sell to them, they'l turne the Feinds out quite,  
And Hell shall be their owne before the night.

19

With jaws as wide, as the vast arch of heav'n (draft  
They gape for Kingdomes, royall blood's their  
With treason's blacker feet they'r headlong driven  
Murther is counted but on handy craft.  
See all in this one plot, which though but one  
Hath all in it, the other all are none.

When

I

When blest *Eliza* swai'd proud *England's* rod  
 And ballanc't in her hands the golden ball:  
 Peace sat by hir, laid downe her head to nod  
 Within her Princely lap, and there did fall.  
 Into a slumbring sweet-security.  
 Peace flyes not Scepters, but dread Tyranny

2

This quiet Empresse hardly could enjoy  
 The sweetnesse of that royall maiden bed.  
 But something would her present rest annoy,  
 And with a surly joy, divorce her Head.  
 Or treason's rage at home, or warr's abroad,  
 Kings must not alwaies look for peace abroad

3

But alwayes as Queene-Peace awak't, she turn'd  
 Lending a glance to blest *Eliza* still,  
 And smiling on her Angell-face, shee burn'd,  
 And blusht, as if she long'd to speake her will.  
 But pluckt an Olive branch to give her still,  
 And so laid downe her head to sleepe her fill

4

Then, then it was, that time look't young agin,  
 Wiping his hoary foretop from his eyes  
 He lookt, and thought the golden age had bin,  
 And deeming of himselfe in paradise,  
 Began to count his age, and scarce believ'd  
 (Seeing *Eliza*) he so long had liv'd.

5

The earth was watred with a milder dew,  
Which peace did sprinkle from her fruitfull hand,  
That *Tellus* in her sparkling coate did show,  
As if sh' had on, that couler'd swadling band,  
Which wrapt her infancy with various wreaths  
Like those which lovely *May*, for *Phyllis* weaves,

6

The plough-men earliyer then the morne, did rise  
Whistling *Apollo's* steeds to watering,  
Whil'st with their chearefull notes, they did devise  
How to divide the day with quavering,  
Thus play themselves to worke, & then divide  
The earth to furrowes, as the plough did glide.

7

They put Dame nature to the sword, and made  
Her open wide her wombe, to lodge the graine,  
The plow ne're knew the share, the earth no spade  
But *Mars* did make away for *Ceres* traine. (out  
New plow'd with fwords, they beat their armor  
For horseshoes, or to plate their wheelles about:

8

Neglected helmets then were cast away,  
The spideres tooke them for their shops to weave  
Their thinner-softer, Taffery, where they  
Kept a continuall working-day with leave, (ly  
And made them monuments, that they might  
There, softly wrapt in their owne destiny.

The

9

The hoarser throates of Cannons bellow'd forth  
 Not for Bellona's sake to summon warre,  
 But when soe're they thund' red, 'twas the world  
 Of some great triumph to be blowed farre:  
 And that about the world, did give the fire,  
 Or celebrate Eliza's crown'd desire.

10

The Taratant'ring sound was never heard,  
 Which when the horses e're once soopeth up,  
 It makes them mad for battaile, and unscar'd  
 He runnes at push of Pike, the flame doth sup  
 Into his fiery nostrills, till it come  
 Out of his mouth like to a seathing foame.

11

The drumme unbrac't lay speechlesse all the while  
 The flute had got a cold i'th' rusty throate:  
 Instead of these we heard the *Philomele*  
 Sing to the Musick of the Lute her note.  
 Peace lay a sleepe under hir Olive tree,  
 Charm'd with the winged Quier's Lullaby.

12

Devotion in her whiter robe, more white  
 Then th' unborne Snow within her region,  
 Go's to the Altar with a soule more bright (moon  
 Then th' spotlesse spotted Bride of heav'n, the  
 And there with holy-hands, and washed eyes  
 Offers her undisturbed sacrifice.

Afra



13

straea keepe her state; both eyes doe see  
and yet they both are blind : her eares both deafe  
and yet both open too : she keeps a Key  
to lock out bribes, and open for reliefe  
'Twas shee that lasht Erynnis out and then  
Came peace & calm'd the troubled earth again

14

ut night doth close the eyes of dying day ;  
storme doth alwayes follow fairest weather  
never saw Proud *Cynthia's* aray  
himselfe in glory for a Month together, (weeds  
But sometimes mourne, weepe in his Southern  
And glister sometimes in his Easterne beades.

15

is constant is a Kingdom's fading state :  
low Peace doth shine on it from open Spheare  
and then a Counter-warre doth change his fate  
drawing on it a gloomy cloud of Feare.  
Fortune's Queene-regent of all things below  
And Kingdoms, like the Moon, do ebb, & flow.

16

once *Eliz'a* shine so bright that she  
on Earth is like the Sunne in his owne spheare;  
parting forth Glory from her Majesty,  
nough to make the lesser Princes bleere;  
The world will gather clouds to blind her too,  
Least earth in glory should the heav'n outgrow.  
Envy,

*Novembris Monstrum.*

17

Envy, which can't endure equality  
Ne're looks at parallels, she aimeth higher.  
An Eagle scornes to make her game a flye :  
Let th' bramble take acquaintance with the bry  
'Tis the tall Ivie, that growes above the rest,  
Is shaken with the wind, and most opprest.

18

Mallice still layes her seige against that tower,  
Where vertue keepes the doore, honour the ho  
One of them is not worth her mustred power.  
A Cat doth scorne to play with a dead mouse.  
'Tis cowardize to sticke one on the ground  
Who falls to earth, can be no lower found.

19

Spainne, envy's mother, Mallice nurserie,  
Squinting with both these eyes at her, that m  
This stripling Ile in strength the world outvie,  
Building a walking wall, and fence to shade.  
This little vine from forraigne foemen's streng  
Summons her forces, and invades at length.

20

Have not you seene the wood's Greene Goddess  
Like a stout *Amazon* begirt with bays, (sta  
Marshalling all her troopes of Trees t' withstand  
The insurrection of the wind, that playes (the  
With them, & makes them seeme to march wi  
Whil'st others seeme to rise, and others fall.

21

he placeth in the front the lofty Pine,  
 he sturdy Cedar, with the Pine doth goe,  
 and then she calles the oake in his ball crine:  
 these march a breast t<sup>r</sup> withstand the strongest  
 And keepe out *Aeolus* from darting feare (blow  
 At th' young Artillery, which march ith' reare.

22

st thus Spain's Coronell did march away  
 before that wandring wood, which danc't o'th  
 as if that *Orpheus* had bin there to play, (waves,  
 and leade them, with his musick, captive slaves.  
 The little ships about the great, did dance,  
 As maids of *May*, about the May-pole prance.

23

ollicy joynes, with virtue, hands to helpe,  
 the greater vessell rides before the lesse,  
 They set the Lyon for to guard the whelpe,  
 that's couchant, whilst the other rampant is  
 But all together seem'd so vast, we thought  
 Neptune had in his fist, an Island caught.

24

he Captaine of each ship, Ambition:  
 The Master, Pride: Envie, the Gunner was  
 The Pilot, Ignorance her blinder sonne:  
 The Sailers, prest from *Charon's* keele, did passe,  
 Over his ferry, and arriv'd at Spaine,  
 The Feinds were glad such pay to entertaine.  
 Their

25

Their sailes did swell in hope of victory; (room  
That made them bring so much of ware-house  
As if they meant the Iland should not lye;  
But they would ship it over into Rome.

They rid so proudly all, as if they all  
Were of the narrow Seas, joynt Admi rall.

26

(ma

They lookt, when Neptune would give up his  
And make them primate-lords of *albion's court*  
They make no friends unto *Bellona's space*  
For warre munition, but to Pluto's host,  
They send for scorpion-whips, as if they mea  
To whip us from our Iland Tenement.

27

But mountaines do oft times bring forth a mou  
High towers weakely built the sooner dyc :  
A Castle in the aire is not an house,  
Conquest in *Arras* is no victoy. (from  
Bold confidence will nere prove armour  
Who stands upon his own leggs, stands not lon

28

Heav'n from the ships discry'd each towring ma  
And fear'd they went *Jovus* Pallace to invade :  
For as the sailers climb'd the ropes with hast,  
They seem'd to saile heav'n's cristall wals, & ma  
A passage through the clouds to enter there,  
And of her spark'ling *Djadem's* rob the ipheac

29

And now the Gods began to count the warre  
 their owne, and joyn'd their forces with us too:  
 heav'n shootes a warning pen to end the jarre,  
 or else to tell them their a common foe.  
 Then muster'd up the seas, and prest the wind  
 To joyne in battell; heav'n and earth combin'd.

30

*Polus* with a gaff break's ope his denne,  
 and ragiug sailly'd forth to graspe each wave,  
 then with his wider throat call'd *Neptune's* men  
 from calme security, and made them rave.  
 The winds o're take winged ambition's flight,  
 Their I ride, a Prouder wave did swallow quit.

31

Some hang on *Neptune*, fawning on his ceck,  
 hoping to bribe with prayers their enemy,  
 he straight receives them with a foaming check,  
 yet with his full embraces makes them dye. (land  
 Some drownd in drinking seas ne're see the  
 Some feeble the land, but sinck in drunken sands

32

Others before they're drownd are drown'd in  
 And therefore flye to harder rocks for pittie, (fears  
 The rocks do borrow brine to drop downe teares  
 That they may mourne for them, but lends no pit-  
 Those, that enjoy'd the mercies of the seas, (ty.  
 Are cast away upon the rocky lays.

Some

33

Some flye, and ferry o're the newes to Spaine,  
 Some yeeld, as glad to veiw our conquering Ill  
 Though they dye Captives here in living paines  
 Some sharke away by some preventing wile,  
 But all being conquer'd all together yeeld  
 To wind or warr, to rocks or *England's* sheel

34

Have you not seene how in th'Olympick game,  
 After the Conquerer hath wonne the prize,  
 The people raise the dust, to choake up fame  
 Vnlesse she tell the world his enterprize.  
 One plucks from *Daphnes* head a lock of bay  
 Another tunes his victory in lays.

35

So lov'd *Eliza* came from *Tilbury*  
 Attended with her conquering loyal traine,  
 Led by the Gods, who did discend the skie  
 To leade her forth, and bring her back againe;  
 That tongue be silenced, which cannot keep  
 Her memory from an *Endimion's* sleepe.

36

Glad peace reviv'd, and decked with the spoyle,  
 That came from *Spain's* Armado, she did stand  
 At *London's* prouder gates, and with a smile  
 Welcom'd *Eliza* home, then kist her hand, (eye  
 Who greiv'd, that peace had hurt her waiting  
 Sate down, that she might rest upon her thighe

37

he slept, and for her former watchings tooke  
the licence of a longer graunted sleepe;  
Eliza reckning her, would often looke  
upon her face, and still for joy did weepe. (sure  
Prince; love peace, & should their combates mea-  
To keepe their own, not get a forraigne treasure

38

ace slept, but as she slept did often start,  
as if some dreame mudded her phancy still,  
and in hir sleepe, she tooke *Eliza's* part,  
as if she had foreseene approaching ill  
March towards her, & then within her sleepe  
Shee'd prate *Eliza's* name, and closer creepe.

39

et slept she, 'till amazement made her rise,  
then in her sleepe she wak'd, till *Morphews* tooke  
her heaue shackles from her leaden eyes,  
first op't her fluce of teares, and then awoke.  
*Eliza* melting askt what feinds oppress  
Her starting phancy, feard her from her rest.

40

his Empresse with a milder voyce (then came  
from *Philomele*, when she did prostrate lye,  
before the bryer ravisht with the same)  
eplied thus: (Heroick Royaltie) (sett  
I dreamt, and thought I saw Rom's Synod  
In a close celler, full as darke as jett.

There



41

There sate sad envy with thin-chapt despaire,  
 Dull Ignorance, with superstition,  
 And nexr *Erynnis* with disheav'led haire  
 Like to uncombed Snakes : Devotion (ther  
 The incestuous brood of blinder zeale, wa  
 Which turn'd the *Synod* like the wandring

42

(spheare Pat  
 Me thought I hear'd their councill deep as Hell WH  
 They did decree to act on hidden sage, He  
 Where treason Prolonge was, and sceane as well Bu  
 And thus make *England's* Throne goe equipage. I  
 With lower earth, and yet no eye should know I  
 The hand that struck, nor yet the hidden blow

43

I saw the Feind, that drew the Tragick plot  
 With buried eyes, Lent-cheeks, in Lessus plight  
 I knew not what he was, a man or not,  
 But by his ball-pate seem'd a Iesuite.  
 Hell gave a Plaudit to the Tragady,  
 Which clapt mee from my sleepe security.

44

But Innocency straight came swing'd from Iove,  
 And bid *Eliza* shake off drooping feare :  
 The Gods of late did in their armour move  
 Fighting for her, and will they now forbear :  
 No, no, the Dove shall fly with carelesse wing  
 And never feare the Go-hawkes towrcing.

Ther



45

(came

Then Poast from heav'n *Iov's* cheifest Herald  
Mounted on Plumes pluckt from a Cherubin:  
His coate was azure, spangled with the traine  
Of *Vesper's* glittering-cruce: which late was seene  
About *Orion*, for he snatcht it thence,  
As he came downe from *Iov's* high excellence.

46

(flight,

Passing through Heav'n's rich wardrobe in his  
Where starrs ename'l'd round with blew appeare  
He tooke a longer robe more bright then light,  
But as he past the purer fierie Spheare,  
Dipt in the Element his robe, did seeme  
Like flaming *Phabus* yellow Saphron beame,

47

As he came downeward in his journey lower  
He overtooke the gloomy hoast, that shrouds  
Heav'n's face in darkenesse: *Phabus* sent before  
His beames to mixe a Rainebow in those clouds,  
That he might take it for a scarfe, and tye  
About his arme, in signe of Victorie.

48

Next as he cut the lower Region,  
His wings struck Musick, in the airy Spheare,  
Then all the feather'd Queristers began  
And strove, to raise a consort with him there,  
Thus plaid heav'n's herald with their musick down  
Directing him the way to *Albion's* Crowne.

E

Arrive'd

49

Arriv'd at length with loyall feet, he goes  
 (Faith and good speede are wings for *Mercury*)  
 Vnto *Eliza's* Court, there to disclose  
 His whole Ambassage from Iov's Majestie.

*Eliza* dranke the newes: appoynts a day  
 To heare, what *Iov's* Ambassadour shall say.

50

And now her busie soule is full posselt,  
 Wrapt in the deepest robes of richest glory,  
 Shee dornes her selfe, against *Love* preoves a guest  
 That with a reall acted fuller story

Of brighter Majestie, she might receive  
 Old *Asilus* Nephew, and more luster give.

51

Thus have I seene the lovely *Nymphs* trip o're  
 The Mountaines from *Pactolus* land,  
 Laden with all the treasure they there store,  
 All following Hymen at his first command.

Then round about the lovely bride they go  
 To crowne her, with a wedding Coronet:

52

One doth unfold her richer lap, a shop,  
 Where *Corall*, *Christall*, *Amber*, *Rubye* shine,  
 Another takes them from her *Indy*-lap,  
 And doth them into cunning bracelets Coine,  
 Placing them with such art to such a twist  
 That every one lends glory to the rest.

53

One curls her tresses with rich Diadems,  
Another sends a pendent to her eares,  
Her neck, one bindeth with a lace of Gemmes,  
A fourth to deck her robes the glittering Spheares  
But on *Diana's* carefull breast there be  
An *Onyx*, friend to purer Chastity.

54

Thus *Amphetrite* met her bride-groome going  
Deckt with those Diadems fond *Neptuna* sent  
His tokens to her; when He went a woing:  
Thus girt with luster, Goddess *Iuno* went,  
When first she came in all her wedding state  
With open lap high *Iove* to recreate.

55

But brave *Eliza's* glory did not shine  
From her owne Spheare alone, she round about  
Was circled with a luster more divine,  
Then that of *Sols*, which doth the *Starrs* put out.  
Thus *Cynthia* have I seene *Queene-Regent* ride  
Whilst all her court of stars shine by his side.

56

The sister *Graces* were her virgin-maides  
Honour, clad with full variety,  
She did for them with chaste *Diana* trade  
Who spunne a thread of flaxen purity. (white,  
Then wove it into roules more white then  
And broyder'd them, about with various light.

57

Her Nymphs with divers couler'd silke did threa  
 Fresh needles still to shape each Element (sprea  
 In all their formes, which o're their robes did  
 With new variety, as if they ment

To tell the world the *Graces* within were  
 As full of divers gifts, as man of sinne.

58

The other *Nine*, *Appollo* sent to her  
 That she with Royalty might entertaine  
 Heav'ns Ambassie from her Supernall Syre  
 These in their course held up her glorious train

The morall virtues Hit Nobility,  
 The intellectuall of her Councell be.

59

*Iustice* did beare the sword, *Magnificence*  
 Ballanc'd the *Mace*, and *Liberalty*  
 Was *Purse-bearer*, not prodigall expence  
 Nor yet close fist'd pining pennury.

*Temp'rance* her *Cup-bearer*, and *Taster* too  
 High Marshall *Fortitude* before did goe.

60

Lord *Treasurer* was upright *Verity*,  
 Sweet *Comity* her sinooth comb'd *Gratour*,  
 All her *Attendants* were *Humanity*  
*Fidelity* her guard, that kept the doore.

Thus, thus attended did *Elizabide*,  
*Grace* on her right hand, *Peace* on her left

61

At length the Queene defends hir Chariot,  
Which did begin to loose it's luster quite:  
Like day, *Sol* going downe ) when she went out,  
Compass with light (enough to dazle light.)  
That her Attendants lent her, She ascends  
Her Throne, and there the Ambassie attend

62

Her Throne o're spread with such a cloth of state  
You might have thought she sat in open ayre,  
And had no Canopy besides *Iov's* seate,  
But that th' Ambassador judg'd it so rare, (have  
He would have patten'd it that Heav'n might  
The fellow of it to make *Iov's* Throne as brave.

63

The Rose and Thistle there joyne amity,  
The Rose so lively blown by Art, and fit  
Had not they bin before her Majestie,  
Some would have pluckt it or else smelt of it.  
The thistle too so quick and fresh, that it  
Seemed the true; the True but counterfit.

64

Nothing without his Embleme neither, all  
Make something to the wise beholder's eye;  
The Lyon there you might see mount, and fall  
What is a Lyon but true Majestie?  
Kings must have Justice rampant for offenders:  
They must be Lyon chouchant's to Amenders.

E 3

The

65

The Queene was great in strength, and pollicy :  
*Spaine* felt those prickes, and so she was a Rose,  
 Her vertues like sweet odours forth did fly  
 About the world, and so she was a Rose.

As foes did hate her, most did feare Her too,  
 And so she was a Thistle to her foe.

66

Upon this Embleme of her selfe, as great  
 In outward pompe, as she inricht within  
 Was full of Majestie, she takes her seate,  
 Where round about her all doe homage bring.

Honour and virtue kisse, goe hand in hand,  
 Hir Temple, doth by Honor's Temple stand

67

And now *Eliza's* cares doe thirst to drinke  
 The message of *Cyleman Mercury* :  
 Peace is sent forth, as swift as thought can think  
 Or winged lightning from the clouds can fly,  
 To hasten *Jove's* Ambassadour, and guide  
 His Charle-waine Chariot to *Albion's* pride.

68

Peace mounts his Chariot, and him sweetly gree  
 With a Court *Aur* : so they ride through *Troy*  
 The same stands still to view the prouder Street  
 For he had lent his horses, and his boy (took  
 To guide heav'ns messenger, who soone o'r-  
 Throng'd *Albion's* Court, and thus the Quee  
 beipoake.

Eli

69

Eliza, fear'd on earth; Dread Sovereigne  
Beloved of the Gods; a Saint to both.  
The scorpion-whip to Tyranny and Spaine,  
The standard of true faith, a matchlesse worth.  
Who like thy Scepter swaying peacefull dove,  
As empty art of gall, as full of love.

70

Within the privie chamber of the King. (Spheares  
those highest heavens; beyond the Chrystall  
his state of presence; there high Jov: did bring  
the Gods into his Councell: each appears,  
They all decreed to view the world beneath  
Hearing what up-roares foun'd from Pluto's

71

(breath  
then looking through heavens true prospective  
Not borrowing Phæbe's eye; as if that they (glasse  
could not without Him see, or could not passe  
from heav'n to earth unless he light the way.)  
They see and smile; through midnight clouds  
He in the dark, as if the day was new. (they view

72

they see and smile; discovering Pluto plac't  
upon his ruder Throne in deeper Hell.  
gloomy cloud hung o're his head, which pall  
or his rich cloth of state, and grac't him well.  
There stood Rome's Legat with wide eares to heare  
what he'd returne to his Pope-brother deare.  
Eliz They



73

At length they see Hell's Pallace gin to shake  
 As *Pluto* rise from his neglected throne. (mak  
 With lungs, that breathed forth brimstone, he did  
 Hell burne with fresher flames, as he alone  
 Gather'd his breath to speake; which as it came  
 With blacknesse from him, quench't againe the flame

74

At length he speakes, as his first accent fell.  
 The tortur'd ghosts were silent, *Cerberus*  
 Stopt straight his howlings and lay down in's cell  
 Then since sayd, he thy Lord hath sent to us:  
 Tell him from our infernall Royalty  
 We highly prize his league and amity.

75

Greet all our Bishops, Prelates, Cardinals;  
 Priests, Masse-Priests, Monks, our Factor, Iesuite,  
 The rulers of our Church, our Canaballs  
 All that our Royall aide, and helpe invite:  
 Tell them that hell's their owne, at their com  
 Th' infernall Furi's their prest forces band (ma

76

*Taxion* shall leave his never-tired wheele  
 (That moving emblem of eternity)  
 And *Tantalus* the envious water feele  
 Refreshed with the fruit, which erst did fly  
 His laughing palate, both shall pardon'd be  
 That they may goe fresh volunteers with the

Po

77

Poore *Sisyphus* shall role his tyred stone  
No farther, but shall bring it out of hell,  
And lay it on thy barrels: It alone  
Forc't upward with the fiery graine, shall fell  
Both throane and scepter, & band to the ground  
Proud *Albion's* majestie with a rebound.

78

The Ulter shall be snatch't from *Tytius* breast,  
His racked limbs redeemed from the ground,  
That he at liberty among the rest  
May grapple with thy foes, and foyle them round.  
The *Sisters* shall forbear their taske, and be  
On earth imployed for mortality.

79

Tri-formed *Hecate* hath new put on  
Her *Styx*-dy'd mantle; and with Fury fly's  
To second our intents: the rest are gone  
Resolv'd to tend upon your Dietyes.  
*Charon* hath hyred keeles, because his owne,  
Shan't serve to ferry o're the guests alone.

80

Wee'l make a second *Aetna* vomit fire,  
At which, both *Erebus*, and heav'n shall quake,  
Cruelst *Alecto* shall amaz'd admire  
Our new-forg'd murders, which we undertake.  
Wee'l give a creeping, yet a suddaine blow  
Shall make the stubbornst earth reele to & fro.

E 5

Wee'l

81.

Wee'le worne their Minister with a hotter zeal  
Till their devot'on quickens to a flame ;  
Wee'le ring to their dead *Cass*'s such a peale  
Shall start them from their graves, and at the same  
As at the Trumper's sound shall rise anon  
With a preventing resurrection.

82

Their bodies rais'd, we will afford them then  
 A second funerall, new-kindled piles;  
 Their dust to dust return'd, shall turne again  
 To dust, till mingled all each, each defiles.  
 Wee'll burne the offering on the Altar lyes,  
 And turnes the Altar to a sacrifice.

83

Wee'le make their kingdome crackle in the flame  
And so refine their purer Crowne i'th' fire  
Wee'l bandy them against *Ioue's* highest frame,  
Both Marble paved-Court, and towring spire.  
So send them all, unto heav'ns Axle-tree  
That they, like starres, but falling starres may be

84

If *Thetis* riding on the swelling tide  
Come downe to see her couden *Thamessis*,  
And sporting on her bankes doth there abide  
Till *Phabus* comes, her watry lipps to kisse.  
She shall swimme home agin, in deepest gorge  
Bringing a red sea, to her blushing shoare.

85

To Nemesis at once wee'l sacrifice  
Ten *Hecatombs*, and quench the sacred fire  
With a full streame of blood, that shall arise  
Both from the sacrifice, and sacrificer,  
Wee'l finde out one shall make the royall blood  
Run out, through his owne veynes of blood.

86

When fond *Eliza* frownes in *Parliament*,  
Shaking her Scepter with dread threats at *Rome*,  
In her false ballance weighing punishment  
Till it by whole faile o're to *Spain* doth come:  
Wee'l send a fatall blow, shall snatch away  
Both scale and her in one poore minutes stay.

87

Wee'l plucke her *Rose*, & burne her thistles there,  
Wee'l with outrageous hands bespeake the heart  
(That's in her *Lyon-rampant*) without feare,  
Wee'l wrest the Scepter from her doore, then part  
The same 'twixt *Rome* and us, and so will I  
Breaking that gold, Espouse our amity,

88

What though his Nobles round about her stood,  
To fence her with an orient sparkling beame?  
Wee'l dye Nobility in royall blood,  
Lay they upon that Theater supreme  
Nor earth shall stop me, nor heav'n beate me  
My temples too are shined with a crown down  
Thinkes

89

Thinks earth, I feare her troopes by land: or sea  
 Thinks Heav'n the *Cyclops* battaile: I doe feare  
 My forces are as strong as both can be,  
 I care not for those claps, that mock the ayre. (no  
*Jove's* thunder will but drown our bellowing  
 His flashings will but light our darkned joyes

90

You, you are our beloved; we repose  
 Great confidence in Rome: and with full joy  
 Wee'll lay our Scepters at your feet, depose  
 And pawne our Kingdomes for you to annoy  
 Those that disturbe your peace: Tis you defend  
 Our right, and we will ours to you intend!

91

Thus said (Deate Emperresse, dearest to the Gods  
 Then *Rome* to hell) their Legate sallied forth  
 And riding with the wind, did get the ods,  
 He posted on so fast to tell the worth  
 Of his Ambassage to his Lord from hell,  
 And greet his Highnesse from th' infernall cell

92

(are fraugh

Gladnesse now plumps their veines; their bones  
 With marrow's fatnesse; *Bacchus* runnes so free  
 He with his staggering feet light *Venus* caught  
 The stews kept open house; and patents flee  
 With a new licence from the Pop's broad-seal  
 To admit all, to that shee common-weale.

Have

93

Have you not heard how proud *Darius* fled,  
With open neighings did his Lord proclame  
King regent, just as if he meant indeed  
To show in his new kind of laughing straine  
How glad he was that day to celebrate  
Which chose him Tennet for his riders state.

94

Then at the horses suffrage all the rest  
With shouting give their voyces to the King,  
As if they would joyne triumph with the beast  
To guil'd the day with making up the thing  
One throwes into the aire his frolick cap,  
That it may dally in her wanton lap.

95

Another from his purse dilated wide  
As his free heart, let's flye a mint of gold  
That the poore commons there, may see him ride  
Full mounted on his horse in printed mold.  
Whil'st every cottage brings it's fagger mite  
To cake the day with a lent bonfiers light.

96

Must thus the Romane crew (after their eares  
Were prickt up with the Message Hell return'd  
From their God Pluto's darker-clouded spheares)  
With joy begun to rage with envy burn'd (a vent,  
Their hearts runne o're, their hoghead found  
With brimfil'd hearts, and full cups not content.

Now

97

Now their exchange is tost with no discourse,  
 But who shall be installed Monarch here,  
 Who Prince of Wales, and who in royall court  
 Shall orderly succeed each royall Peere?

What Iesuite or Bellarmine shall be  
 In *Canterburies* Arch-bishop, or *Yorke* See.

98

With what a couching plott, and hidden bate  
 They'd catch the Realme: nay England is their  
 To their Infernall King it's confiscate (owne  
 They'd only come to take possession,  
 Not for to fight or conquer) and they'l bring  
 Nothing but *Peter's* Keys to make them King.

99

But is Love deafe, because he hath no eare,  
 Or blind because no eye to see withall.  
 The waking eye, to which all things appeare;  
 The open eare, in which each thing doth fall,  
 Saw what he heard, and heard what he did see  
 The eye, and eare in God's his Diery.

100

Seeing what envy had conceiv'd in *Rome*,  
 Hearing what treason whispered in the dark,  
 The God into their counsels-chamber come  
 Zealous to fence this swimming Island borne,  
 Opening the booke of life, they cast up the  
*Elizabeth's* vertues Chronocled in heaven.

An



101

And thus Conclude: what shall *Eliza* be  
So loyall to the Gods, so true to men,  
Faith's sheild in making Faith her sheild, shall we  
Crowne her to stand and fight for truth, and then  
Suffer Rebellion from our common foes

To Snatch both Crowne from her, and truth  
(depose?)

102

No, no, *Eliza* is to us more deare:  
Our truth's as deare to her: we will defend  
The Faith's defender from all forraigne feare  
Let us to her a love-ambassage send.

Goe Mercury, said they, to *Albion's* Throne  
Unfold Heaven's secrets unto her alone.

103

(was true

and now (dread Queene) know thus much, all  
That fell from heaven in that prophetick dreame,  
Which grace unfolded in his sleepe to you,  
The boyling fury of your foes did steeme  
Into a fog, and all the heaven's or'e spread,  
But by Loves brighter shine 'tis scattered.

104

The Gods have lent you as their choicest gemme  
From heavens rich cabanet to *England's* front,  
That you might shine within that Diadem,  
And quite blinde Envy as shee looks apon't.  
The Spain Sees, & covets, fame would steale it thence  
That *England's* faith might loose her reverence.

But



105

But at *Iovus* councell-table 'tis decreed,  
The world no longer shall this gemme retaine,  
Twas onely taken from the richer breed  
To show the world and put it up againe.

Jewells of richer prize are not long worne;  
Virtues unto more crownes then one is borne

(Sion)

106

Kings have their change of robes: *Eliza* shall  
Have change of crownes, and royall Scepters too  
If earth won't suffer her to shine at all  
In her unborrowed brightnesse here below,  
The Gods will place her as a fixed starre  
Shooting forth glory from a richer spheare.

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107

No (blest *Eliza*) Rome shan't circumyence  
With buried treason or coucht pollicie  
Thy Majesty or state at Parliament;  
The Gods decree *Eliza* first shall dye  
They all are set in Parliament above,  
Unto the upper house thou must remove.

108

At their late Synod thou wert chose to be  
With the ioynt sufrage of that royall house  
One of *Iovus* privy-councillers, that he  
His royall secrets might to The disclose, (releas'd)  
Heav'n hath prepar'd a crowne, that thou may  
Among the Gods to judge both Rome & Spain

But

Th

¶ IIII

his measur'd out the length of heaven's decree;  
 this was *Loves* *Albany* in full commission; his  
 humble pride, his fling the Queene as free;  
 receiv'd the news, his renew'd constitution,  
 And straight shee's sick of love, sick to enjoy  
 Her change, her crown, her all, then dye for joy.

¶ IIII

but first before death did divorce her soule, o'val  
 her heav'n elpous'd it to another bridegroom;  
 as peace did by the love-sick bed condole  
 her dying Patron in the fainting Rooms;  
*Eliza* turning but her eye (her eye  
 through which death looked out with majesty.)

¶ IIII

did there espie her ancient servant peate,  
 about to dye for griefe, as if she'd faile  
 doe with *Eliza* to the grave, decafe  
*Eliza* dead, and with her still remaine  
 Shee saw her, and then said I must leave thee  
 Unto my kingdome as a legacy.

¶ IIII

take from my fainting head this fading Crowne  
 That I may lay mine honour in the dust;  
 then from thy sacred hand present renounce  
 into our dearest *James*, whilst you intrust  
 His honor'd temples with our Diadem,  
 And with thy presence still attend on him.  
 With

113

With this *Eliza* ended: For her soule  
 (As if it meant to go along with peace)  
 Departed flying to the highest Pole  
 Translated to a crowne of blisse, and ease  
 Death opened wide a gate of life to her. (& fear  
 That she through Death might scape both dea

114

Have not you seene a pallie feare possesse  
 The guilty Traitor, as he dying stands  
 In expectation of a Death that guesse  
 Made over to him from the Iudges hands,  
 Feare making suite to death, that standeth by  
 Death bring a Pardon, that he may not die.

115

(Jud

Iust thus when *Rome* and *Spaine* did circuite  
 Of life and Death on *Englands* Sovereigne,  
 Both brib'd to falsehood by a festerd grudge  
 Shee sentenc'd was to dye, but all in vaine  
 Love sends his privy seale the death, and he  
 Brings her a pardon, that shee may not dye.

116

Shee dyes, yet dyes not, dying doth escape  
 Thy tyranny, which hovering ore did move  
 Vpon death's borrowed wings, to make a rape  
 With fastned ralls on this virgin dove. (Crow  
 Iove takes Her from his Crowns, that so her  
 May not be tooke from her, ere she go down

And

117

and now *Eliza's* dead; who did bequeath  
 her virtues as a royall shrine to Crowne  
 succeeding James with a true noble wreath,  
 commending peace to him as *Guardian*.

All shined in him with so full a blisse,  
 As if her soule had beene espous'd to his

118

and these had bin her portion: Can you tell  
 What was full Regent in her royall breast,  
 Which was not in our *Solomon* as well  
 say what in her, and that in him was best,

As if that nature kept her mol'd to fash  
 Him after her in each proportion.

119

and so this Peere did reigne, that had not shee  
 first swayd the Scepter with so full a grace  
 Had bin a sin to thinke that sex could be  
 Masculine to keepe him equall pace

But Love did disinherit all their Kin  
 To make this woman, and this Masculine.

112

*Phabus* can doe no more then call the day,  
 and Phebe lesse, shee can but guild the night;  
 for he can lend the night an helping ray,  
 for Shee put out to use a minur's light.  
 Night gives to day, and day to night the way  
 But these maintained still a constant day.

As

121

As soone as blest *Eliza* did goe downe.  
 James rise with glory on our Heavi-spheare.  
 Thus Scepters yeeld to Scepters, crowne to  
 Inconstancy is alwayes constant here (crowne  
 Kingdomes like *Ianus* have a doubleface;  
 They look on both sides with an equall grace

122

Have you not seene the rayenous Lyon run  
 With roaring stomack for to seek a prey,  
 Snuffling the untild Forrest once begun  
 With hunger-biting nose to finde the way  
 Rending the aire now, with a thundring throe  
 Then bounding o're the Hills, bequeath's a no

123

O' terror to the trembling vallie by,  
 Where innocency shroud's it selfe for feare  
 Among the little lambs, that there doe lye  
 And frightned often doe their food forbear,  
 Then when in hot pursuite sh' hath lost the da  
 Shee follows night more eager for a prey.

124

Thus, thus the Lyon of the infernall tribe  
 Out run *Eliza* dayes in hot careere,  
 Thinking his yawning stomack thus to bribe  
 By making her a prey; and faine would tare  
 Her selfe and throane in sunder, till they be  
 Made Morfells for his whelpish pedegree.

125

And then once loosing his desired prey,  
His cheated stomack barks with hotter rage:  
How nothing will goe downe, but Majesty  
It rounds the Island to renew his age  
With some well married prey, at length he saw  
Another game provided for his paw.

126

The buried Embers of that afe-heart treason,  
Which lay like quenched coales in sawdust hid,  
Some rakes up with the hand of blinded reason  
And blows them with false zeale, untill they breed  
With hatching heate a treason, which may be  
A plot-forme unto all conspiracy.

127

What, though proud *England* lately lost her head  
The crowne hath luster still: the right hand's gone,  
But where's the Scepter though? *Elixas* dead,  
But *James* is from her *Phanix* ashes sprung  
Stars rise & fall; the clouds are low and high  
Princes de cease, but kingdomes never dye.

128

The crowne is placed on a fager Head. (Spring  
Shining in golden Fleece: From thence will  
More rays of wisdom: deep fetcht counsell's breed  
And nimble pollicy where reignes a King.  
A stronger arme the Scepter now doth sway,  
A woman's but a warriar for a day

Yet

129

Yet stout *Eliza* like a Gyant rose  
 And with an heart hoopt in, with valour stood  
 At Tillburie our forces to appose  
 And scattered like the wind th' *Armado* wood  
 But now we meet both strength & wisdom  
 Policy may, but both must overcome. (doom)

130

If once their Queene was such a whip to *Spain*  
 Their King will be a Scorpion: was shee (tam  
 Rom's feare? hee'l make Hell shake and Pluto  
 Strength must not guide the sterne, but Policy  
 Close wrapt in treasons must sit there, if we  
 Or hope to get, or get the victory.

131

And now that treason, which did seeme to sleep  
 And slept, *Eliza* sleeping; they awake.  
 The Goaler-Iesuite, which her did keepe  
 Close Prisoner in his dungeon, now must take  
 The fetters from her, let her loose, that shee  
 May range about, and sit on Majesty.

132

Thus have I seen foul guilt, and sad despaire  
 Making the Malefactor guilty cry,  
 And after they condemned Him to feare  
 Forced the Iudge to sentence him to dye,  
 And yet at length hath sued his pardon too,  
 Which graunted, he more villanous doth grow

Wha



133

What though the treason slept, the Traitors still  
 kept scouring eyes, & watchfull heads from sleep:  
 lasting so long from villany, they will  
 wake up their Lent, a cruell Easter keepe.  
 And murder innocency, that they may  
 Really celebrate that Holy-day.

134

When flight and strength doe in a Duell fight,  
 strength seemes the conquerer, flight feares that  
 takes her heeles, & with a *Parthian* flight, (day  
 kills her foe by running thus away;  
 So have I seen a Ram retreat, that he  
 With stronger hornes may butt his enemy,

135

The aged hoary Winter now had seen  
 Summer thrice wrapped in her winding sheetes,  
 three races *Phabus* with his steedes did winne  
 out running the fierce Lion at three sweats,  
 That he was faine to get the crab to pace  
 His horses back, as he came from the race.

136

and all this while bid treason buried lay,  
 and never knew a resurrection,  
 at length Rome thinks to call a judgement day  
 and summon *Iames* to know his censur'd doome.  
 A Spanish twigg shall strike the Poppys head.  
 The royall seed be sown in Romish bed.

The



137

The Heroick top-bow of that noble stemme  
 Shall wither at the root, the branches fall.  
 The twigg<sup>s</sup> stript off, shall grafted be on them  
 That grow in *Rome*, till fruit sprout forth like ga  
 Fed from the sap that fats the Iesuite  
 Forgetting all the former nurture quite.

138

They'l feigne o're them that reigne, or not at a  
 They'l have more crown's then one or els have  
 Less tripling trees for them or rise or fall, (not  
 They'l aime at *Cedars*, or let all alone (staff  
 They weigh not London's mace, that pretty  
 They'l write at once all *England's* Epitaph.

139

At length the Gates of Darknesse open wide  
 Through which Hell's Ministers doe tally out  
 Though night, shades, fainted Devills, very prid  
 Those putrid poasts with false zeale gilt about  
 With them their larch-ringleader Iesuite,  
 Who vows allegiance to the Prince of migh

40

He like his prediceffor *Judas* well  
 Comes compas't round with his riffe-rasse rout,  
 The excrement of earth, the scumme of Hell;  
 Who ere hath brawny hands, hearts steel'd abou  
 For rapes, for murthers, and new cruelty  
 Are his assistants in this villany.

151

An English seed, which with rebellious lungs  
 Spit venome in their mothers face, and then  
 Run o're to Rome, & their bound heart & tongues  
 To serve Aprentifhip, sent ore againe:  
 At home they toyle in journey worke for *Spaine*,  
 Entrap both mother, and her Sovereigne.

142

This done, He calls them round about & unclose  
 His sealed heart: But first he makes them sweare  
 That none shall prove a comment to their foes  
 On this obscurer text: That all should feare  
 Th' unmanlike forfet of fidelity  
 If they intend to feed on Majestic.

143

Before he doth unlock his mind, hee'l first  
 Fast bolt it too, and barre it with an oath:  
 Reason's companions are guilt, Feare, mistrust:  
 In telling it to tell it he is loath:  
 And yet hee'l tell it blabbing guilt alone  
 First feares himselfe, then her companion

144

He brings the booke of life that they may seale  
 Deaths warrant with it: they straight with a kisse  
 Do close both heart and lipps, that neither tell  
 The secreacy, that now deliver'd is  
 Thus making Heav'n subscribe to Hell in sinne,  
 And seale the bond that they are all bound in

F

After

145

After with sacrilegious hands he steels  
 The Priests blood wine, and gives the Laitye;  
 They kisse the cup, and with a kisse each seales  
 His closest heart to keep this secrecy  
 Thus life to Death just transubstantiating  
 Whilst they in one cup life and death suck

146

And now they stand prest vassells at the nod  
 Of *Pluto* to exact what e're he will,  
 He must serve Hell, that will not serve his God;  
 One servant cannot have two masters still  
 Their Captaine Iesuite conducts the way,  
 They lead by that false fire goe astray,

147

Thus, thus those Hell combined Feinds doe meet  
 To satisfie blood thursty appetite.  
 They march like threatening Comets through the night  
 Which once appearing to th' amazed sight  
 Presage some bloody deluge or the Fate  
 Of Majestie or overthrow of state

148.

At length their greedy feet o'retake the place  
 (Revenge doth seldom creep, but poasts away)  
 That place where treason stood to end the race  
 And did for them in expectation stay.

With death presaging engines that did show  
 Their foes had not a guard for such a blow

149

th' English Troy-novant they pitcht the treason;  
That royall seate, which beares the mother name,  
*England's Parnassus*, where diviner reason  
Hath built her Throne, and honour rais'd her  
The City, which this day hath *Europe* set (same  
Above her sisters in full glory dight.

150

hat, which commands the *Indys, France, & Spain*  
stripping them all of all their choicest treasures  
of wine and Spices, of the golden chaine,  
and yet to all the world her bounty measures.  
Feeding the hungry with a belly full:  
The naked cloathing with her nappy wood

151

all countrys worship Her, strive, and which shall  
resent her with the richest offering;  
*Arabia* comes with her perfumed ball  
and gives it her as to the fairest Queene:  
*Hydaspes* flatters her with Odours too  
Striving *Arabia's* sweetnesse to outgoe

152

e wine drinks to her, and then send o're the cup  
that she may pledge her in the selfe same grape;  
the *Parthians* richer Diadems put up,  
and come to her, with a rich laden lap.  
ow *Virgeinia* sends Her that diviner weed, (seede  
low Which had *Iove* tasted, he would begge the

153

Her streets no streets but pleasant gardens are  
 Where little *Hyacinth* that lovely boy  
 Sports up and downe with young *Narcissus* faire  
 Tell me what is not there for Palate joy?

First fruits are duely paid to her, as if  
 Shee were Queene mother, of all Cities chiefe

154

There you shall see the bloodbright cherry grove  
 With blushing ripenesse, ere Dame nature can  
 Couler her sister's paler-cheekes, which grow  
 In other places, with a faintish wan

The unprest wine full bottel'd you may see  
 In forward bunches, tempting of your eye

155

Their various flowers dresse the rising spring,  
 As she hath new got up, and make her show  
 So glorious with her frequent varying,  
 That *Iuno's* bird being by would seeme a crow

Nay forward *Hiblas* top may well confesse  
 To that, shee's but a wild spread wilderness

156

Tell me (Brave Citizen) if ere the day  
 Got up, *Arabia* did not call on thee :  
 If whilst on tender downe each member lay  
 Thy bed seem'd not a *Phoenix*-nest to thee :

Thence from that gather'd garden did arise  
 Such odours for thy morning sacrifice.

157

There planted is within her fruitfull wall  
The tree of life, which spreads faire branches o're  
Her confines, and with fatnesse feeds them all;  
Their sprouts the tree of knowledg more & more,  
No worne, nor canker in the apple is :  
'Tis not a garden, but a paradise.

158

Close by Her swelling *Thamasis* doth glide  
Fencing it with a snakelike twinning wall :  
*Neptune* doth every day come downe the tyde  
And brings his Bride to see those stately halls  
Who viewing them amaz'd such state to see  
Sinks downe into an ebb, and back doth flee.

159

Up on her swelling breast a Towne doth floate,  
The arch'd bridge a thick set double row  
Of houses hedge it, through it boates doe shoote  
As swift as arrows from the *Parthian* bow.  
With whose vast weight the river's prest so soare  
'Tis forc'd with louder murmurings to roare

160

Beyond it you may see along her side  
That monument of grace antiquity,  
*Londons* chiefe fort, the townning towers Pride:  
Where *Mars*, and his munition prisoners lye :  
Till peace disturbed by her foes put in  
Sufficient bale to fetch them out againe.

161

Next neighbour to it stands oth' sandy mold  
 That house, which with her dayly customes fills  
 Th' excheqnor with refined fleece of gold  
 Richer then *Iason* brought from *Causa's* hills,  
 Thither the *Indian* ships their riches bring  
 Unloading yearly tribute to their King.

162

Where *Thamisis* is broader set below  
 Running in deeper waves with lesser noise,  
 There you may see a navy proudly goe  
 Whilst full mouth'd *Zephyrus* their sailes doth  
*Thamis* is *London* wall: the ships are all  
 The watchmen, *London* sets to keepe the wall

163

Some lye returned from their two yeares race  
 And bring the prize with them which they did  
 By tilting with their Masts, running apace  
 At th' golden line to cut the *Ecliptique* string.  
 Some overcharg'd with wine begin to reele  
 But some discorging it they save the keele

164

Some after they the fowler seas do scower  
 Licking his slimy filth on either side,  
 Rerurne with crazy ribs, beat with the power  
 Of thunder tempests, and a raging tyde  
 And there all furr'd with grasse in harbour lye  
 That they may cure their green-sick maladye

Whilst



165

Whilst others round about them sporting play  
Not troubled with that lazy sloath defeale)  
Damaskt about their decks with glittering ray  
Hatched with beauty like *Ioves* cristall lays,  
Sounding the trump to welcome *Thetis* down  
Whilst she conveys the Eccho to the towne.

166

But on, and see that wooden Gyant rise  
With such a Monster crest, and threatening front  
You'd thinke hee'd wage new wars against the  
And like the *Gyant* race soone set upon't (skyes  
A ship so vast as if ten woods had beene  
Cut downe to build it, which they did begin.

167

Ship, enough even of it selfe to make  
A navy, and hold stonely out in play  
With an Armado: had it bin oth' lake  
With it, alone it had frighted them away.  
When once it plowes the seas, die boldly say  
Neptune will dive that he may give it way.

168

palace fit for Majesty where he  
May keepe his court, and did he deeme it meet  
Light tides a progresse in it should be  
Besieged, with an host, till all their meate  
Provided were devoured, they might plant  
Plough, sowe within it to supply their want.



169

But yet come back againe, and with the tide  
 Recover *London* bridge, that you may passe  
 (Whilst on a smoother wave you thorough glide  
 With safety on the equall tract of glasse,  
 Then feast your eyes on each side by the way,  
 Viewing those frames, that cast so bright aray

170

Leading to that, from whence *Apollo* spake  
 In *Englands* Oracle, renowned *James*;  
 Where once that Prelate Monarch *Woolfe* took  
 His Primate dignities, those swelling names,  
 Which flow'd, and ebb'd at last like th' Embleme  
 That rise, and fell so oft bys pallace side.

171

White-Hall, where he once sat upon a Throne  
 Without a Crowne, and kept a Court, as if  
 His king were Prelate, and he King alone  
 Swaying both King and Scepter; till his life  
 Proclam'd him Traitor, and his Pride prov'd  
 Not lifting him so high, as left him low.

172

On either side faire *Habricks* beautified  
 With *Dedall* cunning border it about:  
 On this the Minister mounts her sacred head,  
 Where Britaines Kings in Christned pomp go out  
 Being then first crown'd with the Diadem  
 After dead *Cesar* yeeldeth up his stemme

There

173

There lyes the royall dust, and quiet bones  
Of all our *Henries*, the Marble their  
Weeps o're our famous *Edwards* and bemoanes  
*Eliza's* urne, paying a tribute teare  
To her dead Sovereigne; till all the store  
Quite spent, it dries to stone, and weeps no more

174

On that side stands a Frame whose prouder spires  
(Guilt on there crests with a deep *Saphron* beame)  
Doc court the clouds, and kisse *Ioves* taper fires  
Goe equipage with Heaven. and often seeme  
To lend themselves to *Atlas*, while they beare  
(To ease Him) on their tops the moving spheare

175

A goodly Hall, which dares vye statelineffe  
With all the patterns of our former dayes,  
Brazen *Colossus*, tall *Pyramides*,  
The *Ephesian* temple shrin'd about with bays.  
That high-fam'd structure, & that polisht frame  
Founded, and finished by th' *Assyrian* dame

176

A well knit unity this house divide  
Into an upper, and a lower region,  
So planets in their severall spheares abide  
Yet keepe a constant and united motion  
The King like *Titan* from his flaming crest  
Sparkles his mutuell glory to the rest.

G 4

With

177

With him, the Pawne of England's hopes, those  
 That sprouted from the aged royal Sire, (twiggs  
 Shrink, as if *Phaërus* lent them perywiggs;  
 Budding forth glory, which was blowen there  
 To fuller bightnesse, sitting next the King,  
 Like *Venus* next *Sol* more light borrowing.

178

With him, those two tops of *Parnassus* Hill,  
 Those tapers, which upon our altars stand,  
 The two Arch Prelates, who with luster fill  
 The senate; luster, which poore oile maintain'd  
 Sincerer wisdom shi'd in them so bright,  
 Like th' greater put-out honours lesser light.

179

With him, the rest of Brittain's noble traine,  
 Those scarlet troopes, that shine in royall blood  
 Array'd in spotted Furies, richer then can  
 Be dapple dyed in *Assyrian* flood.  
 Glittering in brisker gemms then e're was set  
 On best of *Parthian* King or Coronet.

180

With him, the Iudges all in cloath of goare  
 To Embleme that they sit on guilty blood;  
 Vnbrib'd *Astrea* beares the sword before,  
 They must not strike till justice thinke it good,  
 And draw the sword: She guides both blade and Nigh  
 Iudges condemne, but 'tis at her command, (hand over  
 All

181

All these with full united glory meet  
 Like tapers mingled lights, which stronger shine  
 The trumpets *Echo* triumphs to the street  
 As they ride on with majesty divine,  
 The thronged commons twist their votes with  
 Teaching the birds to sing an *Ave* there,

182

They're ready now to mount that judgement hall  
 Where Iustice sword stands bare, her ballance  
 Shee think, her head; & Impudence looks pale (yea  
 earing *Astrea* is come downe from Heaven  
 There stands *Rome*s whipping post; the Iesuite  
 Plucks in his horns, & thinkes of couching flight,

183

Now prayers *Elysium* scale with winged flight,  
*Ignatius* cannot rest within his grave  
 They howle such votes to that grand Iesuite,  
 With prayers both whipt and stript his aide they  
 At length the Devill doth a plot devise (crave  
 And they sing Hymnes unto *Ignatius*,

184

Under that stately house fly cellars die  
 To adders under fairer flowes (the ground)  
 Here *Bacchus* doth in drowfie hogheads sleep  
 Venus there his bottel-nose doth crow'd  
 Night spreads her sable wings in dismal sort  
 Over the vault, and keeps continuall court.

Plato

181 183

*Pluto* that treason-Patron from deepe Hell  
 Being the *Caverne* with convenience set  
 So nigh his confines; and so apt a cell  
 To further their designe, he doth them greet  
 With larger summes from his owne treasury  
 To Stock the treason, and the cellar buy.

184

Then summons all 'pon paine of Hel's displea  
 To midnight silence, whilst with equall dole  
 He doth his royall charge to each deliver,  
 Which did from him like louder thunder role.  
 They shiver all in cold amazement, while  
 They heare the thing, and yet they do it toyle.

185

Tis thus (*Heroick* soules, our royall breed,  
 Borne for no meane disignes) let crackling bays  
 Whize out their slender fame, who onely bleed  
 In an *Armado*, that's not worth our praise  
 Wee'l build our *Trophys* on a Kingdom's ruine  
 Or wee'l have none: The iron's hot, be doing

186

Tis red for striking! Opportunity  
 Iust now hangs out her bush, catch hold on that  
 Or else occasion's gone, strath wings to flye:  
 If once the Synod rise, Time shows his pate,  
 Then fasten on his lock, and make him stay  
 To see and Chronicle November's day,

187

Iust when that furnish't fabrick shall begin  
To swell with Pride, because in her the flower  
Of drest nobility is compast in,  
When Majestie sits under her spread bower,  
Shining like *Phebe* in the azur plaine  
Amids bespangled Uesper's glittering traine.

188

When every state is plac't, beginne your play,  
Strait draw the curtaine from the Tragick sceane,  
Let hell appeare in her owne shape that day;  
And let destruction fall forth unseene  
When th' King with sugred speech is charming  
Send him a plaudic from th' internall Hall.

189

Then bullet up from that munition'd cell  
Thy splintred barres, & broken rocks to teare  
The prouder walles in sunder, let all feele  
What sands the bankes of *Acharen* doe beare.  
Blow up the bottoms of their towers to heav'n  
Levell their prouder top with *Tellus* even.

190

Each haves his charge, all like the baite so well,  
They chew upon it with a full delight:  
Thrice watery stomachs long, untill they fill  
Themselves with Majestie, they long for might.  
Hope claps them on the back, & cheeres them so  
They feare not, care not what they undergoe.

Have

191

Have not you scene how aged summer casts  
 His shedding haire by handfulls from her head;  
 Her leaves tost up and downe by *Autumn's* blafts  
 Fall in full shoales till earth be covered:

Iust so in swarmes *Hell's Harbingers* doe fly  
 Sent to take up this shop of cruelty.

192

And now as soone as night gave day the fall  
 They creepe into that caverne vaulted deepe,  
 But yet not nigh enough to *Pluto's* Hall,  
 Where they they their engines & munition keepe  
 They must delve deeper yet, 'tis their intent  
 To borrow *Vulcan's* forging tenement.

193

With spades, and mattock forces they goe down  
 Like *Hannabal* they'l finde or make a way;  
 They then besiege earth's closed dungeon  
 And carve out trenches in the mangled clay,  
 Break through resisting rocks, teare up the ground  
 The rivers trembling back at th' noyse resound.

194

With beamy-yrón-rows they sticke the heart  
 Of Mother earth, that neighbouring *Thamis* grew  
 Sill to have shaking fits as day did part,  
 The earth so quak't with a quotidian ague,  
 They dig'd so farre *Pluto* was faine to find,  
 (Fearing an undermine) to bid them end;

And



197

And now they are within Hell's liberties  
Arrived close at black *Cocytus* layes  
They heare strong neighings, which doe mock the  
hundryng from steeds, that on *Cocytus* gaze.

They like the *Omen*, and petitions make (take  
That they that harness teeme from Hell may

196

Hell grants commission, that they may unteather  
the *Stygian* brood, and knock their fetters off,  
The coale-blacke double brace come up together  
Surgetting over *Aetna's* shilly roose.

All hooft with thunder, prancing as they came  
They make each flint with lightning flashes

197

(flame

*Ethon* throwes mist into the thickned ayre  
From furnace-lungs breathing forth *Sulphure* fogs  
*Victors* with bushy taile doth sweepe it cleare,  
Fill it all lyes on earth in scummy bogges.

*Orpheus* staring eyes with fire glow.

And in the ayre like kindled *Meteors* show.

198

*Maistor* like swift *Pegasus* doth flee,  
His wings deepe dipped in the *Stygian* booke  
Doe drop downe clouds of darkenesse, which doe  
The Ile in sable black, & makes her looke  
As if sh'ad bought her mourning, which she went  
To hang on *England's* funerall monument.

Treasons

199

(yoal

Treason's wide warehouse now prepar'd, they  
 This blackbread broode unto Hells midnight ca  
 Whose axletree well loaded gins to croake  
 Like death's Ambassadour, as Ravens jarre  
 In untun'd harmony, and croaking tole  
 A passing bell for some departing soule

100

Full stufft out barrells presse the groaning wain  
 Whose rising wombs, and empty nerves are fill  
 With black blue *Peter*, that unkindled gaine,  
 Which is through *Stygian* salted sand distilled.  
 A little feede scattered on *Erebus*,  
 And there to dryer mould, was parched thus

201

The fiery horses draw this loade of sinne,  
 With staring maines, and racked joynts so long  
 Till foaming sweat doth dapple their black skin  
 And quite weare out the carmans whipping thong  
 At length th' unload the wain, that they may load like  
*Bacchus*, whil's they with these his barrells croud

202

Thus adding fire to that under-fuell,  
 They strive to lick up with this dryer dust  
 That oylie liquor: faine would make a duell,  
 Whilst these, at those wel-marshall'd barrells thrust  
 But straight conclude their private quarrell so  
 That they joyne forces 'gainst a common foe.

And

200

And now the Horses draw with eaiser thighs,  
Wantoning back to hell with frisking limbs  
Spitting forth boyling foame abroad, which flies  
From their unruly chaps in hizzing hymnes.  
Quench in the colder ayre like cinders bright  
Which in the water hizzing, quench their light.

201

They feed on provinder of *Stygian* graines,  
While *Sterops* and *Pyraemon* are at jarrs  
And sweat in blood of yellow *Scythians*,  
Striving who shall beate forth more Iron barrs.  
Great store of sturdy *Thracian* Iron's sent  
To forge at *Vulcan's* furnace-tenement.

202

With this large minerall the second time  
They loade the cart, and weigh so ponderous  
Made hells baited horses blow againe :  
As slow *Bootes* now from *Erebus*  
They creepe along ; their fiery mettrall dyes  
Yet night brings all into their treasuryes.

203

There in that cavern's deepe abyffe, they heape  
An Iron Pyramis, the Basis layd  
Upon the barrells, but the top shall creepe  
Forc't upwards) to the heavens, and Iove invade  
Had you but seene that monster you'd have thought  
Peryllis there his brazen bull had brought,

They

204

They stay not, but with *Pegasean* speede  
 (Treason's suspicious alwaies of a vent)  
 They lash their horses backe with twining reed  
 Who swift as thawing winter's current went;  
 Then cut downe woods to billets, batter downe  
 Their rotten wooden Gods to bring to towne

205

Cast down their images, all gnawne within (paine  
 To putred worrne-holes, but dawb'd o're with  
 That emblem, may there God head, trunked divine  
 These they build o're for fuell coverment. (seene  
 You would have sworne had you that pile but  
 The wooden horse had entred *Troy* again.

206

With pickaxes as sharpe as those that breake  
 The tougher yce of glazed *Tanais*,  
 They next into some craggy paved creeke  
 (Where angry seas 'gainst foaming rocks do rise)  
 Launch forth, that they may cutt Don *Neptunes* warts  
 Hew downe I meane those raving rockes in parts.

207

Digging whole quarryes from his monstrous side  
 Then dashing them to lesser thunderbolts,  
 Next downe the bankes of *Phlaxeton* they glide,  
 And there take Captives all the damned doubts:  
 Make the day labourers to gleane the land,  
 Gathering the stones lye on th' unpav'd sand.

Whilst

208

Whilst others with rude mattocks dig up all  
 els regent-walke, and leuell it alone  
 With cinder dust, which from their forge doth fall;  
 say they'l not leave for *Sysaphus* a stone:  
 All joyne to build a fort for envy's shall  
 And hedge in treason with a rampant wall.

209

And now 'tis built: they first dig deepe to lay  
 strong foundation, with a mixed rout  
 of barrells stuf with wine, and powder-clay  
 make up, they build upon that bottom stout  
 Vpon the fire they heape on fuell wood,  
 Vpon the fuell barrs of Iron stood.

210

Vpon the Iron, stones their forces send  
 fixing a quarry with a Minerall:  
 cast with a fainrish flame the fire send  
 coldly upward Iron keeps downe all:  
 And, least the Iron with a falling fit  
 Sink downe, to blow it up the fier's fit.

211

thus strength resisted growes the stronger still,  
 thus contradicted passion rageth more:  
 Cammamell trod downe grow upward will,  
 bended bowes fly up, and strike more soare,  
 They hide the treason; darts foreseene will  
 Not hurt so much, forewarn'd forearmed still.  
 Now

212

Now match the patterne : Let me see who dare  
Discover his ranck blood, and say that he  
Is of that kindred, envie will not share  
With them, or take in more affinity.

These have ingroft the saile of blood ; no fees  
Can bribe up hell to grant more Patentees.

213

Now treason's ready drest to goe abroad,  
And *Faux* hath borrow'd *Plutos* livery  
To manie her : Hee's the Pimp to helpe her trade  
She never stirs but in the night, and he

Is faine to snatch a fire-brand from Hell, (fi  
Which his dark-lanthorne-lights to guide he

214

*Faux*, whose black blood stood in his face, & the  
Emblem'd the couler of his filthy heart  
Sooted with blacker vice, and swarthy feare,  
Yet blood-red pampard with raw flesh ; his part  
At every meale was worth milke, which came  
From those two soare breasts, fed Rome and

215

(Spain

With too officious duty he prepares  
To lay his mistris cloaths against the rise ;  
Marshall the barrells, rancks the Iron bars,  
Then primes the powder, traines it till it lyes  
Close by the barrells mouth, ready to broach  
The Treason : lights, & blowes the kindled match

WOM

An

217

and now he calls on slowpact aged Time  
 thinking his waxen wings are melted quite;  
 each minute seemes a day, each day as nife,  
 the houre-glasse is stoppt, or runnes not right.  
 He sweares the clocks doe lye, and Sextons fees  
 Greasing their fists, that they the wheelles may

1217

(grease

then sends to Time that oylic iute, the Moone  
 upon her Heifers sprinkles; bids him joint  
 his stiffened limbs with that, which *Phaeton*  
 supples his steeds; and chase each sleeping joynt.  
 And yet Times crazy-staffe doth softly goe,  
 And yet his tyred-leggs as lazy shew.

218

At length he offers dayly mattins to him  
 Dropping as many beades as words do fall:  
 He knitts both prayers and promises to woe him,  
 Come (Nimble Time) come to our *Stygian* hall  
 Ile let Thee in to see a Tragedy  
 Where the Spectators act; The standers by

219

shall neither see nor heare; nor act, nor sceane  
 Doe measure it; no sugred words collouge  
 With peevish eares to begge a plaudit in:  
 The proloug here, shall be the Epiloug  
 And clap it selfe: a Tragædy just donne  
 As soone as it is but in thought begunne.

Weel-



220

Wee'l hang no false lights out to entertaine  
 The actors that their luster may more shine :  
 The candles here shall be the Tragick flame  
 Not lighted force the Tragedy begin. (out

A thought both light them shall, and put them  
 So quick an *exit* brings the Sceane about.

221

No musick here shall call the Prologue in,  
 But thunder-claps, & shrieking cries (which come  
 From tortur'd Princes to those Ecchoing,  
 This ceas't the play beginnes not, but 'tis done.

Nay, whilst the Sceane is acting you shall see  
 The stage pluckt downe: Mysterious Tragedy

222

Chiefe actors are but three, and they all drest  
 Iust in the whores attyre like puppet Rome :  
 Dull Ignorance comes out before the rest ;  
 Hir maides are Errour, Superstition.

These follow ignorance still but on this stage  
 They all goe hand in hand just equipage.

223

The stage is rudely built as low as Hell,  
 Hang'd round about with darker clouds & mists  
 The walls thicke mud, caru'd out of Natur's cell  
 The rooffe for Majesty faire bowers twists.

Set up in *England*, but the Actors come  
 Out of th' attyring house of puppets Rome.

Ignorance

224

Ignorance enters first, a wizled Dame  
Wrapt in the seamelesse coate her Saviour wore:  
So old, she's in her dotage; blind, and lame  
Led by the Church, on crutches of the whore  
In one hand there's a Bible clasped fast,  
In th'other a dimme light, which can not last

225

Next Errour staggers in, drunk with the wine  
Of Fornication, reeling up and downe;  
Toft with the wind of Church-faith varying  
Walking with naked feete all scurfy growen  
Wich dirty pennance: In one hand's a pardon,  
Th' other a purse to pay for his salvation.

226

After her gaudy superstition  
In chang of costly cloaths still varying:  
Her maid is counterfit Devotion,  
Who carrys after her some holy shrine  
Stole from the Virgin Ladies sacred brows,  
To which with supple knees she humbly bows.

227

Shee proudly walkes with rinckling feet, & shines  
In that same purple robe Christ once put on (shrines,  
Hung round about with beads, & crown'd with  
Wearing the God sh' adores with such renowne.  
In one hand ther'es a candle ne're goes out,  
A bell in th' other cursing all about.

Sometimes

228

Sometimes shee's loosely drest in Hermite leaves,  
 Girt with that cord about her hairy loyne,  
 With which, Christ whipt those buying selling  
 Out of the temple, who did there conjoyne (theeves  
 Both God and Beliall in one house together,  
 Thus girt for pilgrimage, she wanders thither.

228

Where all the sacred reliques treasur'd lye  
 To see the Angell *Gabriel's* plumes, who brought  
 The first newes of her Lords Nativity,  
 The thirty peeces which her Saviour bought,  
 The crosse, the nayles, the tombe, the sponge, reed,  
 The very vinegar, which he drank, is there (speare

229

(wight

These three leade forth an old, blacke, meagar  
 With fatted eyes, blown cheeks, & brothel crown,  
 Wrapt close in weeds of darkenes like grim night,  
 With necke into his shoulders shrouded downe,  
 With fleering chaps, his gag-teeth threatening  
 His very image was Hereticall. (all

203

*Ignatius* eldest sonne, an Epicene,  
*Pyreus* in doctrine; a iust courtier Priest;  
 A wolfe in wooll; a glow-worme that doth shine  
 Most in the darke: a Sainted feind at best:  
 Rome in a Surplice, ranck hypocrisie,  
 Rotten, but painted o're divinitie.

130

A Iesuite; that monster pharise  
That fasts with sweet mea's, keeps a box forth  
But *Indas* like them fills his treasury.      (poore,  
What not? A just darke Lanthorne and no more.  
Whose tongue is nothing but equivocations,  
His heart made up of mentall reservations.

231

He brings a map upon the stage wherein  
Crownes pictur'd are, and Scepters cast aray:  
But close by swordes are draw'n by coulering,  
A cup of poyson's placed in the way.      (by  
Dast braines, rent limbs, blood spilt ly's pictur'd  
Thus Crownes they win, and weare by cruelty.

232

With that, he soone descends a loathly cell.  
And sets him downe just like *Diogenes*  
In's hogshead, where full barrells round Him well  
And there upon a plot he shewing is,  
Thinking to compasse more in's tub alone,  
Then Alexander can upon his throne.

232

At length he calls those Three, that set him on  
Vpon that hideous taskc to doe this deed,  
Ignorance, Error, superstition;  
They' plaud the deepenesse of his reaching head,  
Promise to raise assistance, who shall cry  
Out of his plot to make a Tragedye.

G

One

133

One error bribes, another Ignorance,  
 But Superstition with her conjuring charm's  
 Commands them all, straight after her they dance:  
 Hypocrisie religion soone takes arms (Hell  
 The chiefe were those three furies sent from  
 To stand for treason, and keepe sentinell

134

*Faux, Percy, Cat/bey*, Romes Trium-viri  
 Those Parri-regick people-regnicides;  
 Spirits incarnate, abstract blasphemy, (sides  
 Who thrust at *Iove* through kings and Princes  
 White gun-powder, who kill without a noyse:  
 True lime who seeming quencht, then most a n-  
 (noyse,

135

A trebble twisted courd of relatives  
 Bound Percy over both to king and state;  
 And yet with masked zeale he falsly strives  
 Guarding the King, the King to captivate:  
 A fence hath thorns, and he chose Pensioner  
 (Honord, with lending Majesty such honour)

236

Made his strict homage a back doore, where He  
 Might let in treason and rebellion:  
 Over much zeale's a blast of pollicy  
 To blow up parisite presumption.  
 Thus an ungratefull snake doth often sting  
 The breast, that warm'd it, once recovering.

*Faux*

*Novembris Monstrum.*

137

*Faux* strives to cloath his couching villany  
In *Percys* livery, goes for his man,  
Waires on him in the roade of Tyranny,  
But rides before him, striving to out runne  
His master, and his mate; they softly came,  
Whilst he in hot careere pursues the game.

238

A traitor to himselfe, that would betray  
(Posing the aire, that breathed Him a soule)  
The Patron of his life, before his day  
Hastening to Pluto's file, and their enrolle  
Himself for darknesse, and present his King,  
His Countrey too for a burnt offering

139

These are the true borne of that Father Feind,  
A *Cadmus* brood sprung from the scattered seed  
Of that true serpent's teeth, and now they bend  
Their forces that they may dissentions breed.  
The purer blood of long liv'd unity, (flye)  
Which ranne in Englands veines, they'l now let

240

So are they taught by theit Trivertick Father,  
Such doctrine howles forth triple *Cerberus*;  
Mad wisdom! puddle knowledge; mudded over  
Like slimy streames of filthy *Erebus*:  
Religion in the Lees! divotions mire!  
A cold, false, foggy, wandering, fatuate fire

*Novembris Monstrum.*

241

Oh 'tis the cause, that is so Catholique,  
Rome's almost ready for her martyrdome:  
Our miters have beene shak't, if *England* strike  
The second time, down comes our Triple Crown.  
Religion calls, whilst her cause wee cry,  
Tis virtue for to Sin, a price to dye

242

A leoprous Church, a Church from scars as free  
As it is full of wounds; one onely soare:  
Festred corruption springs and runs from thee,  
So full of spots, uncapable of more  
What horrid Tyranny dare show it's head,  
That hath not first at Rome, beene licenced.

243

These, these, that joynd to beare that common  
Fettred together with her sacrament: (yoake  
Was by her sacrilegious hyre bespoke  
To call up Tyranny, and they consent.  
Let's on the danger's sweet: a Bull shall be  
Our pardon; meritt, our security.

244

Wee'l goe no common road, away with that  
Presumption, which is obvious, what e're  
Hath once beene heard shall never in our plot  
Ingredient be: Presumption shall despaire  
When she first heares of it; nay death shall be  
Amaz'd to heare of such a prodigy,

Wee'l



246

Wee'l take up hearts of Steele, and triple brasse  
Shall hoope them in : Then dastard Tyranny  
To follow us to Hell; and there wee'l passe  
With confidence toth' Stygian diety;  
So learne new magick that we may extract  
*Sulphurian* sands from *Styx* his Cataract.

247

Some scattered *Atom's* dust wee'l gather thence,  
Which with impetuous rage, shall blow up all;  
An Omnicidian blast to recompence  
The fury of that thronged Capitall.

Nor sheild, nor bullwaik, nor that *Iron* coate  
Which fenceth thunder, shall this blow keepe  
out.

248

Nor strength, nor care, nor both, nor all shall be  
A Remora to stop the full careere  
Of instant ruine; which well arm'd shall flee  
With close revenge, and bring a weapon with her,  
Will all the acts of murder soone o'recome,  
Put an whole Kingdome to a martyrdome

249

That burning hill that keeps continuall fire  
Casting live coales into *Calabrias* breast,  
Doth but an hatching milder heate expire,  
And rageth with a fury quite suppress  
Compar'd to this; a furnace, had it beene  
But kindled, Hell had had lesse firing.

G 3

Nay

250

Nay *Phabus* scalding beames (though he or'etake  
 The fiery Lyon at his raging denne)  
 In scorching *Libya* could never make  
 So hot a Solstice, burne as this had then  
 Wept or'e the flame they had not quenched  
 Had with their running sives the Belides (this

251

A fruitfull age; barren in all but some,  
 Fruitfull in sending forth a forward spring  
 Of ripe impiety. What gulfe within  
 The deepe Abyss of *Tartarus* can bring  
 Bring forth such monsters with a direfull hand  
 Against anointed holinesse to band.

252

Nor cholerick *Scythia*, nor yet *Concanus*,  
 He that was pampred up with horses blood,  
 Nor he of *Dacia* servile *Davns-Dacns*  
 Such Tyrant Mysteries e're understood:  
 Nay the *Sicambr* that red pated-race  
 Poison'd with slaughters at this vale their face:

253

The affrighted aire with cold amazement shooke  
 Fearing the thumping blows it should receive,  
 The starrs doe quench their flames ith' misty  
 Of *Acharon*, as if they would bereave (brooke  
 The Snblunary orbe of all it's light  
 Loathing so black a deed so strang a sight.

Theb

251

*Phæbe* began her pallsie head to shroud,  
And feared at the sight pluckt in her horns.  
*Apollo's* steeds did start into a cloud  
And each with strange reluctancy suborns  
The guider, that he would let loose the raine  
That they might draw the day quite back again

252

*Phæbus* invests himsef in sable black  
Mourning to think upon so foule a birth.  
The Axle-tree of heaven begins to crack (earth  
Fearing some new forg'd thunder-bolts from  
The heaven's begin to weep, & with their teares,  
Would make a deluge for to drowne their fears

253

The unwreath'd snakes of the *Erumenides*  
Stood bolt upright upon the Fury's heads :  
The hundred-headed beast at th' news of this  
Hangs down his eares, his taile like twinig reeds.  
He twists betwixt his leggs, runns howling out,  
The Ghosts in strange disorder range about

254

The heaven stands still, the Earth seems now to  
In her diurnall circuit: the whole frame (round  
Of nature seem'd unpind; disorder found  
Her order now came in, and tooke the same  
The world amaz'd, thought *Iove* had suffred  
Or that the world now at an end had been then,

255

The sands of *Bosphorus* begun to groane,  
 They heard of it and minnure of the newes.  
 The *Libyck Syrtes* faine their heads would drowne  
 In *Affrick* sea, but *Neptune* doth refuse  
 The *Arminian* waves doe roare, and carry thus  
 The news to *Taurus*, and to *Caucasus*.

256

The *Hyperborean* mountaines, which retaine  
 An equal portion of the day and night,  
 Halfe yeare in day, and halfe in night remaine  
 Scard from their course keep a continuall night  
 The *Oakes* on *Gargon* on their tops look farre  
 As if for madnesse they had toare their haire.

257

The aged *Alpes* dissolve their frozen snow  
 Filling up *Rhodanus* with their melting teares,  
 And *Rhodanus* doth her rising bancks o'reflow  
 Blabbing to *France* and *Italy* our feares.  
*Acturus* will goe downe, *Erichon* rise,  
 That they may leave tempestuous seas and skyes,

258

And yet, and yet, that hell-hatcht crew controles  
 Both heaven and earth, goe equall with the stars,  
 With proudest heads confront the highest poles  
 Promise to warm with flames heav'ns coldest cars  
 Heark, hearken, Hell applauds us then they cry  
 And so applaud themselves in villany.

And

259.

And now the day's their owne, that glad-sad day  
That deare, that raising, that foule-faire weather,  
Which must both raise a tombe, and Trophy lay  
For *England*, and yet not for *England* neither.  
Britain's sad Epitaph hangs o're her hearst  
And Romes false Iubile is turn'd in verse.

260

And now some pen that's Iesuiticall  
Must forme a letter of equivocations,  
Indited by a head politicall  
To keepe the truth in mentall reservations,  
'Tis sent unto some cull'd Nobility:  
Goe one, and riddle me the mysterie.

261

*My Lord*, that Catholike affinity,  
Which knitts relation betwixt me, and those,  
Which are so nigh to you, makes me untye  
What sacrament to you, which should keepe close  
The dearest secreat of my breast, but see  
How neare I prize your safe securitie.

262

Then as you love that soule, which is espous'd  
In such a fellowship, so neare your breast,  
Let it not be divorc't: you are expos'd  
Vnto a common danger with the rest:  
Take up some forg'd excuse on trust, which may  
Sue at your absence on the Senate day.

The

963

The God's decree is past, and man consent  
 Both have conspir'd, and seal'd their minds, that  
 Will muster up revenge to punishments, (they  
 This yron rusted age shall battered be.

A blow with sudden terror there shall be:  
 And yet the hurt, who hurts them, shall not see

264

No motions these commotions shall betray;  
 Vshering the sequell with a prologue in,  
 No trumpe shall sound initialls to the fray  
 To tell the foeman when he shall begin.

A thunder-clap shall fall with such a blow  
 The left hand here, shall not the right hand

265

know.

Nor slight you now this warning peice, you may  
 Escape the ruine horrors o're your head,  
 With-draw your selfe, take wing, and fly away,  
 Or else your life's already buried.

You may outlive the Fates; know, 'tis no more  
 But burne the letter, and the danger's o're.

266

Heaven warn's you, be fore-arm'd: I hope that she  
 That guided hath the hand, and penne to write,  
 Williope' you eyes to reade the mysteric:  
 He that doth read, and understands not it  
 Is ready to neglect; neglect will make  
 An Index to't, let care keepe what you take.

The

267

The *Enigma* styed in a Gordian knot,  
The letter writ and sent, but who can spell  
The meaning drawne in Ony'on juce, that's not  
Reveal d at all unlesse the fire tell.

Burne but the letter, then perchance you'll see  
And yet that burnt, tell me the mystery

268

Who with the nimble strength of Dædall wit  
Can loose these tangled lines? what *Lyncens* eye  
Can sift the bottom of so darke a pit,

And there those hidden mineralls descry?

Who can this Labyrinth finde out, and trace  
That Minotoure in this *Meander* maze?

269

None but that eye, that sees without an eye,  
None but that sun, that shines in midnight darke,  
Could either see or reade this mysterie,  
Or quench this fire in it's ember spark.

None but that Oracle, which never spake  
By Oracles could this transparent make,

270

God speakes by men, the Devill speakes, but by  
His wodden carkasses; God speakes the truth,  
The Lyer teacheth stockes, and stones to lye,  
And yet a miracle doth breath from both. (so

The Devil's raines hangs loose sometimes, but  
That there's a curb commands him, too & fro.

Let



271

Let hell begin to open wide his jawes  
Thinking to swallow heaven with yawning thro  
Hell shall prepare his stomach, but for those  
Of his owne Tribe, that beare her branded note.

A pit is often digg'd for other men,  
But he that diggs, shall sometimes first fall in

272

If *Diomedes* traynes his horses up  
With living men in stead of fodder food,  
An *Hercules* shall rise, and fill the cup  
To drench an horse with *Diomedes* blood.

*Peryllus* may prepare a Bull, but he  
Shall first in his owne Bull tormented be.

273

Let hell send forth her pater *Pegasus*  
That treason may ride poast on it to bring  
The newes of winged ruine unto us,  
Yet *Iove* can hang a plummet on the wing,  
And force the fates to hover till he hit

Vnder there wings, and make them fall it h pi

274.

*Iove* calls his bird, that royall Eagle forth  
Makes him his winged *Mercury*; goe fly  
To *Albions* court, that Synod of true worth,  
And there this mantled monster-brat discry. (way  
Give *Janes* the Clue, that he may finde the  
Like *Thesens*, and that he *Minotaur* betray.

This

275

This Lord soares on the wings of loyalty  
And faithfully conveys that riddle spell  
To *Caesar's* councell, where true royalty  
Sate Iudge on it, and censur'd, each doth tell  
His severall verdictt, but the meaning still  
Was tyed fast within the knotty spell.

276

Till heaven sent downe a light, and did infuse  
The truer spirit of an Oracle  
Into our Monarch's soule, to tell the newes  
Where dire Reveng doth, with hid treason, dwell.  
He reads the letter, and the language knowes  
That confus'd *Idome* of his Babel foes.

277.

And now the miners soone are undermin'd,  
*Vulcan's* discovered in his loathly cell  
Sitting with other Gods, who there combin'd  
To summon ruine from the depth of hell.  
*Vulcan* sits next to *Bachus* caskye throne,  
And *Pan* is mounted on a rocke of stone.

278

The wooden God is first pluckt downe, and then  
*Vulcan* and *Bachus* are descried there  
Calling toth' rockes to cover them from heaven,  
Shrouding their Hogsheds under stones for feare  
The fuell's snatched from th' unkindled fire  
The fowle escapes, the fowler's hang'd ith' bryer.  
What

279

What candle was it, that could guide the eye  
To spell the meaning of so darke a spell?

What hand could catch at treason, and fast eye  
That captive, to remove him from his cell?

A light not lighted did those lines unfold  
An hand, without an arme, the foe controlld.

280

That hand, which once did write without an arme  
Printing full terrour upon Babels wall,  
Guided this hand to write that hidden charme,  
Which proved their's, as that did Babels fall.

This did *Uriah* in his letter beare  
The sentence of his death, ere, death came neere

281

That hand, which guided both, pluck me a quill,  
From the choice pincon of a Seraphin  
Dipt in diviner inck, that't may distill  
Full characters of prayse, in charoling (mand  
The wonders of that arme, which could com-  
And loose fast treason from so dark a band.

282

Infuse fresh Anthems in my duller muse,  
That so it may outrunne a Poets straine  
Lending the world new wonders to peruse.  
My Muse wrapt up beyond *Apollo's* veine.  
Then in one *Halelu-Ile* sing a consort  
Shall drowne a quier of Angells full report.

Where

283

Where lodgeth now that true authenticke soule,  
Which was ne're out of tune in *David's* breast,  
But kept continuall harmony, the pole  
Still heard him in the quier above the rest.

Wher's that sweet fingers glory, who did make  
Each string of his owne glory to pertake.

214

(touns,

Warbling his makers praise? where are those  
Which run division out of breath, while they  
Strove who should first outsing themselves in  
And with a Cignets chame call death a way (songs  
All striving thus one consort for to make  
Breaking the consort, each a consort take.

285

Were but that old Philosophy in season,  
Which makes the soule remove her lodging still,  
Tuning in this, and then in th'other mantion,  
By transmigration lending the same will  
And power to enact, there were some hope,  
I might have *David's* soule for *David's* scope.

286

A way fond hopes! Blinde nature is no guide  
*Elisba* can't *Elija's* soule inhearit, (hide,  
Then looke not where the Prophets soule doth  
Without his soule thou mayst have *David's* spirit,  
The wind blows where it lists, O let me finde  
In the right corner of my heart the wind.

Thou

287.

Thus winged with the wind my soule shall rise  
 To tune her Maker's prayse, farre, farre before  
 The early Larke doth charme the dawning skyes  
 My glory shall get up and ope the doore.  
 • That from my enlarged breast a quire may goe,  
 And learne the Spheares to play *November's To.*

23 AP 57.

---

**FINIS.**


---

ves

de,

To.

## *Frontispiece Discovered.*

**T**HE DEVILL plots, the P O P E will owen  
The J E S V I T E must act or none.

One God doth S E E and S M I L E, and B L A S T,  
What *Hell*, and *Rome*, and all forecast.

'Tis not the blacknesse of the *Pit*  
Can cloud this E Y E from seeing it.

'Tis not the deepenesse of the *Pit*,  
Can straine this A R M E from reaching it.

'Tis not the terrour of the *Pit*  
Can scare this S M I L E from daring it.

Rayns eye can chase the thickest mist,  
Rayns *Arme* can conquer, when it list,

One looke, one touch, one *Smile* can quell

The *Pride* and *Pollicy* of *Hell*;

And let them yet more forces call,

One God will be too hard for all.





21

*Novembris Monstrum.*

OR

ROME BROUGHT TO  
BED IN ENGLAND.

with

The Whores Miscarying.

Made long since for the Anni-  
versary Solemnity on the fift day  
of *November*, In a private Col-  
ledge at *Cambridge*.

By *A. B. C. D. E. K.*

And now by conquering importunity  
made publique.

For a small memoriall of *England's*  
great deliverance from the  
*Powder-Treason.*

By *E. M. A. D. O. C.*

*Monstrum, Horrendum, Informe, In-  
gens, cui lumen ademptum.*

London, Printed by *F.L.* for *John Bur-  
roughes*, at the signe of the Golden  
Dragon in Fleetstreet. 1641. C

A letter writ indeede from Babylon,  
Speaking confus'on, in confus'on. •

'Tis true, one language, onely came,  
And yet that language languages transpos'd  
A Letter in a Letter was enclos'd  
So that the same seem'd not the same.

How well may Rome true Babell be,  
That speakes thus in a mysterie?  
A masked tongue kept Babell from her height,  
And Rom's confused language spoyles hir quite.

Plaine English speake, when you write next,  
Your letter meant, nought lesse then what it meant  
Therefore 'twas sent, to whom it was not sent,  
Pray henceforth comment on your text.

'Tis brought unto the King we see,  
'That he may dive the mysterie.  
Why? what's the matter! Are our Island's eyes  
Growne dimme with age, The Vniversities?

Why had not they the letter read?  
They would at first strike deepe; 'tis true, but so  
That they looke through their Sovereigne, you  
The eyes are alwaies in the *Head*. (know

---

*Partus determinatio.*

Vpon the Kings discovering of the plot.

That Kings are sometimes Prophets too we see,  
What made our *James* else prophecie?  
True vertue often crownes Nobilitie.

How true was he the King of Schollers fam'd,  
That Rome with her owne sword hath tam'd?  
Well Schollers King, well King of Schollers  
(nam'd,

The paper bids him burne the paper, so  
The danger would be over to.  
He saves himselfe and paper with a No.

How so? we reade the danger is not o're  
unlesse the Letter burnt before.  
Then burne it, and the danger is no more.

But reade againe, and then perhaps you'l see,  
How bravely you are danger free,  
If't be so soone o're-past, how soone wil't be?

This made our *James* more nimble then the fire,  
This thought did make his thoughts retyre  
To search out what was tangled in that bryer.

He dived therefore somewhat lower yet;  
 And truely such a dive was fitt,  
 To found the intralls of so deepe a pitt.

His Nobles now as well as He must move,  
 And presently his verdict prove,  
 Searching out that below, he saw above.

They seeke, but see not : Did you never heare  
 Too nigh an object is too neare ?  
 I can see better farther off then here.

The King sees yet : He bids them search agin :  
 They goe, then bring the message in.  
 Nothing before, is now the very thing.

(Thus have I scene a beagle soone o'rerunn,  
 The new-borne sent but now begunn,  
 Then counterhunt it when it is halfe donn.)

They, that made nothing of it, found it something  
 Reade backwards, if you meane the King,  
 Who making something of it, made it nothing.

VIII.

*Praelecta obstetrix.*

Vpon *Faux* ready to deliver it.

Out Monster-Tiger, a fell vipers brood, blood)  
 (That would'st suck with thy milk, thy mother's  
 Spawn'd with a *Richards* tush, not toothles borne,  
 Drawing the fountaine-breast, thou wouldst have  
 A passage to hir heart, gnawd that for food, (tome  
 And like *Promethæus* Vultur suckt on blood,  
 Thou'lt suck, but so that thou mayst open too (flow  
 A conduit-veine whence blood with milke may  
 I wonder that thy mother wean'd Thee not  
 From hir, whence thou this Viper-nature got.  
 (Thy step-nurse, Rome I meane, that purple whore  
 Whose breasts milkt venom from a putrid soare  
 But see, Rome nurs't Thee, therefore thou wilt be  
 By hir brought up unto this villany.  
 Rome once a *Nero* had to kill a mother,  
 Least Rome should want one now, thou prov'st a  
 And hath not she hir Jesuits, that thou (nother  
 Must prove a Mid-wife to hir treason now?  
 What would you have the whore when all is done  
 Lay at our doore hir new borne bastard sonne?  
 Avant grosse excrement: know thus much, that  
 England doth scorne to Father such a brat.



*Vpon the same.*

Vp night-owle, and breake o'pe thy sealed eyes,  
 Venter to looke upon the mantled skyes.  
*Sol* hath remov'd his court, the glorious day  
 And all his followers have packt away.  
 Night is full mounted in her seate of jet,  
 And lies wrapt in her cloudy cabanet.  
 Feare not, *Apollo's* gone; his prying eye  
 Can neither see nor blab thy villanie.  
*Envie* hath gone her time, and doth begin  
 To be in travell with her full-growne sin.  
 Vp then, and see that all things ready be  
 Tis thou must hasten her delivery,  
*Pluto* hath sent his Pursivant away  
 To summon thy appeareance, make no stay:  
 Goe, take thy charge, that thou maist licenc't be,  
 And show a patten for thy viilany.  
 Fetch thy darke-lanthorne, that true *Gyges* ring,  
 Which, thou unseene, makes Thee see ev'ry thing.  
 Take that turn'd-Hypocrite, whose outward show  
 Is night, but inward like the day doth glow.  
 Soule as a mist without, all fayre within,  
 Vice would seeme vice sometimes to cloake a sin.  
 Thy darke companion will still be true,  
 And by denying light, will lighten you.  
 Then downe with hast to that infernall cell,  
 Where fur'ous envy, and hid treason dwell.

**Tell**

Tell them Hell's suffrage hath elected you  
Groome of that chamber, where death lyes below  
And you must call it up as soone as day  
Be christned, as the Sunne whips night away.  
Looke then unto your charge, and see that he  
Sleepe not beyond his time, but stirring be ;  
Else all his breakefast may be spoyl'd, and He  
Will misse his morning's draft of Majestie.  
Nor you (proud factor for the Netherlands,  
Agent for hell) must suffer *Morpheus* bands  
To tie your eye-lids up : what if the birth  
Miscarry, ere the night expires her breath.  
In stead of being Sainted, you shall be  
Inrol'd for purgatory, and there made free. (eyes

Then girt thy selfe for Rome, and charge thine  
That they like watchfull *Argus* keepe the prize.  
Be thou an *Heiroglyphick* to the hare,  
Sleepe waking with thine eyes unclos'd, and bare.  
And when the day begins to ope her eyes  
Like *Nilus* with the rising Sunne arise.  
What though thou saile through the *Aegan* sea,  
Toft up and downe with fear's perplexity?  
Thinke every one thou seest is come to bring  
Thee tydings of a kingdome to a King.  
Thou seek'st a throne : who would not think it  
To swim unto it through a sea of blood ? (good  
But heaven looks on, & *Iove* is comming down  
His milkie payement with a furrow'd frowne

Justice

Justice sits in his eye (and yet 'tis blinde :  
 It sees but sees not ; smiles that it should finde  
 Such secreasie in Treason) vengeance lyes  
 Wrapt in the wrinckles round about his eyes.  
 Next, down the Regent walke, *Astræa* came  
 Following high Iove to Iudge the world againe.  
 Justice tooke wing before, and left the earth,  
 But seeing crueltie recover breath,  
 And grow to such a Gyant-stature, shee  
 Returnes bedeckt with greater Majestie.  
 The *Cyclops* arm'd with thunder round about,  
 Attends them both to drive those Traitors out.  
 Then tremble treachery ; treason unmaske  
 Thy muffled face ; make bare thy knees , and aske  
 A pardon of the Gods : hold up thy hand,  
 Guilt doth indite Thee, and for guilty stand.  
 Justice is come to visite once againe,  
 Tenders hir hand to kisse, if you'l reclaime.  
 Or else (by that impartiall soule, that guides  
 Hir hand) the sword your soule and clay divides.  
 No no : (Grand Enginere of crueltie)  
 Ne're startle at the newes : what's this to thee ?  
 Thou hast an *Heliotrophian*-stone, which will  
 Put out the eyes of Justice, blinde hir still.  
 Send for Don *Pluto's* sheild, that thou maist see  
 Approaching justice, and she not see Thee.  
 Stare in the face of vengeance, and outdare  
 Those executioners, that comes to skare (peale,  
 Thee from thy charge : Laugh at their thunder.  
 And let them heare the Eccho oft from hell.

Why? thou'rt prepar'd for this; can this be newse,  
 When thou such prodigies thy selfe dost use?  
 Harden thy cruell heart, untill it grow  
 Skind like a Sea-calse to withstand the blow  
 Of hotter vengeance: crowne thy head with bayes,  
 To scare the Cyclops from thy hidden wayes.  
 If all feare doe: with thine owne plot begin,  
 Blow them from earth up into heaven agin.  
 Thou know'st thy charg; what Rome expects from  
 How she hath cram'd thee for this crueltye? (Thee;  
 Write after hir, and when the copy's writt;  
 Let all that reade, see thou'rt hir counterfeit.  
 Be like hir, but more cruell in thy wit,  
 Write by the coppie, but still better it.  
*Romulus* suck'd a wolfe, and was as shee, (bee.  
 Thou suckst of Rome, then thou like Rome must  
 What *Romulus* did suck, to Rome he gave,  
 What Rome from *Romulus*, that thou must have.  
 Outvie them all, Rome, *Romulus*, and Hir  
 That nurst thy cruell grand progenitor.

Natu

*Natalis expectata celebratio.*

Vpon the match of hunting appointed on  
the birth day, where they intended to surprize the  
Lady *Elizabeth*, but in the meane time they  
themselves were surpriz'd.

*Actaon's* gone to hunt, the day we see  
Appointed is, and where the game shall be.

*Actaon* as he hunted glanc'd a side,

And there *Diana* in a thicket spy'd.

*Diana*? No, it was a fairer she,  
Her Nymphs it may be might *Diana's* be.

And yet me thinkes *Diana* it should be  
Rather *Diana's* true Divinity.

For as *Actaon* spies that beauty there,

*Actaon's* turn'd, *Actaon* like a Deere.

He that came forth to hunt is hunted straight,

They lye in waite for him, that lay in waite.

The yelping Ecchoes of the hound's are done,

The Hue and Cry after the Hunter's gone:

I see that Poets now can prophesie,

And in a parable tell what shall be.

I see that fables are not alwaies lyes,

Time often doth a fable moralize.

*Abortivum Monstrum.*

Vpon the miscarrying of the birth.

Ofte have I knowne a child prove Parricide,  
Dividing soule and clay as it did divide      The

The Parent's gasping wombe, through which her  
Went with the body of the child for tole (soule  
To pay the infant's passage, and reprove it  
From th' falling prison, if not quite releive it.  
Sometimes a child the Parent's name doth smother,  
Killing the mother 'fore it had a mother,  
Oft have I heard a woman travail'd so  
That in the sigh her soule did come and goe.  
Strange travell ! when her soule is faine to take  
So farre a journey for her infants sake.  
When thus the Parent mother must begin  
To leave the world to bring her infant in ;  
Must dye, to teach hir child how first to live,  
And being dead in it learne to revive  
As if *Pythagoras* had taught her soule  
It's transmigration, And it knew no Pole :  
No Paradite, but presently did passe,  
And in the infant clay informant was.  
What ? did you never see a wombe deny  
The burthen, but unload it presently.  
Rome proves it selfe an *Hierogliphick* well  
To speake what I have spoke, and yet shall spell  
The truth once over to you more ; if yet  
Your cloak't-capaciti's are hid from it.  
Indeede their fruitfull shee-Pope tarry'd not,  
But brought forth soone, as if she had forgot  
Once to bespeake a midwife, or else thought  
To brew as well as she had bak't for nought.

And

And yet see, how shee's brought to bed in State,  
 How many thousands hir congratulate  
 Being at hir labour met. I wonder she  
 Was brought to bed alone in companie. (faine

But now ther's no such matter; Rome would  
 Once travaile with a second birth againe.  
 And see, the Pope grows big indeede: How now?  
 What, hath not Rome had breeding Popes enough  
 How did your Card'nalls misse the chayre, that  
 Have let another she-Pope slip away? (they  
 Oh 'tis no matter, they'l take care that she  
 Be not deliver'd now too openly.

The heav'n no more shall prove a Canopie:  
 The Market place no more a chamber be.  
 When this shall be deliver'd Rome will bye  
 A privie-chamber for this secrecie.

(Had not Pope *Ione* bin brought to bed so patt,  
 She would have found a vault too for hir Bratt.

But see, the birth day's come; Conduct your  
 Vnto hir privie-chamber, where ther's store (whore  
 Of *Pluto's* Pothecarie drugs that be  
 Provided for her safe delivirie.

What? Is she yet in labour? hath she got  
 Hir Predicessors faculty or not?

Had she an harder travaile then your *Ione*?  
 What hath God sent hir tro? what two or one!  
 I feare she was so overbig, that shee  
 With Bratt miscarri'd in deliverie.

What



What was the matter Rome? did not the whore  
Goe full the time she reckon'd on before?

Was this hir first conceived bratt, that shee  
Before hir time met hir deliverie?

What? Is the child still borne? Tis so I see  
The birth's abortive, though the mother be.

(Thus have I seene an hasty apple drop  
Abortive from the tree before the crop.

But then 'twas rotten, blasted, withered  
Although the mother-tree was no way dead.)

The still-borne batt hath thus miscarried,  
'Twas not deliver'd though delivered.

The womb that casts before the time doth still  
Threaten the Infant, if not alwaies kill.

Wher's now the Infant which new borne had  
At once both *England* & her soveraigne? (slaine

Which had spitt living coales as he begann  
To live, and dy'd as they had dyed than.

What meanes *November's* fift day and the store  
Provided for the birth so long before?

The purple whore this day expected shee  
Should have beene blest with her deliverie.

This day once come, the birth was nigh indeed;  
But th' Bratt was still borne, we delivered.

The child, which dyes before it lives, doth still  
Threaten the Mother Parent, if not kill.

## XI.

*Parturientis periculum.*

Vpon the whores downefall in *Blackfryers*  
on their fift day of *November*.

What makes us then sigh prayers for *Babel's* fall  
As if that *Babylon* ne're fell at all?

Wher's *Rome's* Armado *Spaine* so stood upon,  
No Navie but a wand'ring *Babylon*?

Is not that fallen? True; how could it stand?

It was a *Babel*, but 'twas built o'th' sand.

The wind's they whiff'd to the wav's a charge,  
The wav's brake out, and roaring speake at large  
Their message to the Sands: the sands obey.

After the cap'ring waves they dance away. (come  
When th' wind thus blew, when thus the water's  
There *Babel* built upon the sands, prov'd lame.

What makes us then sigh prayers for *Babels* fall

As if that *Babylon* ne're fell at all?

But on, what meanes *November's* Holy-day?

Her fift dayes chiefeft royalty, which may

Be calculated with the reddest letter,

To speake their bloody Stratagem the better.

*Rome* then began to build a *Babel* too,

She dig'd for a foundation so low;

And

And then had thought to plucke downe *England's*  
Out of her ruines to repaire their owne. (Throne  
But as they built they were surpriz'd, that they  
Were faine to leave their Babel halfe the way.

Thus not to rise is nothing but to fall,

Who'l say that Babylon ne're fell at all?

But once more reade, and then perhaps you'l see  
Babel a third time fall a third degree.

Water did once o'retop Rom's Babel's so,  
That though 'twere Babel it did Rome o're throw  
Babell first fell by water, next by fire,  
Not that it burnt, but that it slack't it's ire.

Fire and water, though they disagree  
Become now sister Elements we see.

And joyne their forces to enact heav'ns will,  
Th' one by fighting, th' other standing still.

What fire and water doth, that earth will doe,  
For earth did swallow falling Babell too.

*November* twice saw Babel fall on day,  
This makes her fift day twice an holy day.

And *Eighty Eight* told Babell by her fall,  
That, that was then her Climactericall.

And yet is Babell still? where doth she stand?

She fell by water, and she fell by land.

Thrice Babylon we see hath got a fall,

But oh that she were fallen once for all!

Babel's so high it is no wonder she,

Is so long falling to her last degree.

But

But yet 'tis well that she three stories tell;  
 Fall but the fourth, 'twill bring her downe to hell  
 Me thinkes I see those knotted rafters there  
 Like carv'd-out *Atlases*, which well might beare  
 A burthen greater then the Spheares could lend  
 An *Aetna* if it once began to bend.  
 Enough to keepe up mountaines, and support  
 From nodding even *Babel's* stoutest fort.  
 And yet when *Babel's* Bratt loaded with sinne,  
 Comes on the Stage to act her part therein;  
 It makes the oake to yeeld, the Cedar bend  
 And rooſes up the foundation from their end.  
 That which before did make the prouder walls  
 Sprout up to heav'n, tript up by heav'n, it falls  
 Downe leuell with the earth, and that which knew  
 No crookednes, bends like a twig of ewe  
 Sin makes the creatures groane, & bowing downe  
 Lye in the duſt for that, man won't bemoane.  
 Fye purblind Rome! what-made your bald-pate  
 Outface the face of heav'n in ſuch an hew? (crew  
 Did heav'n your fiſt days treachery betray  
 That you might turne it to an Holy-day?  
 Went on your plot ſo well, that you muſt call  
 A day apart for a ſet Feſtivall?  
 What ignorance hath brawn'd your ſottiſh ſoule  
 That when the arme of ſtrength ſtretcht out con-  
 With a proclaim'd defiance what you did, (troules  
 Poynting out that from heav'n, which lay ſo hid?

You

You nod at the finger in a triumph straight,  
 And shout the conquest being lead captivate?  
 What made you sound the Trumpet so and call  
 Such a rife-affle to your Stygian hall?  
 Was it that you might belch out a defie  
 In open Court upon the Gods, 'cause they  
 Opening the casements of the spangl'd spheare  
 Lookt downe from heaven, and so discov'rd there  
 That mantled project, which you thought to keep  
 From them; no, no, The gods are not a sleep.  
 Or was it 'cause that *Albion* baukt your ire  
 You'd curse us to a Purgatories fire?  
 Rather purchance you felt an hell within  
 Still glowing in each conscience, which the sin  
 Had newly kindled; and dispaire had blowd,  
 Till it to a consuming fire glowd.  
 And therefore you must thither poast to take  
 The refuge of your holy water-lake;  
 Sprinkling your selfe with it, that you might tame  
 The fury of your selfe consuming flame.  
 Or wash your hands in it, and so might be  
 As innocent as *Eden* puritie.  
 Fondnesse! as if that niter could cleanse sinne,  
 Which may show faire without, when foule with-  
 Or else to blesse your selves from after losses, (in-  
 Crossing your selves to keep your selves from crof-  
 Nor this nor that: you thought that rable crue (ses  
 (Which in a Catholique bravado threw

There

There carelesse lives away, that they might get  
More Kingdomes to your Triple Coronet)  
Were hang'd to Saints, & that their unjust doom  
Was nothing but to suffer Martyrdom.  
And therefore you'd be sure the fift day too  
Should be as well an Holy-day to you.

Thus winged with a faultering zeale thy flye  
Vnto their consecrated Friery  
Tadore those new-made Saints, and gratulate  
Their safe arrivall at the *Eliz'an* state.  
And now to them, wh' alive were dead in feares,  
Being dead, they pray to rid them of their cares.  
Then by a gen'rall councell they agree  
To celebrate their yearely memory,  
Thus rob the yeare of dayes, that so they may  
Give to each Saint his sev'rall Holy-day.  
Or cause they jointly suffred as one member  
They give an All-Saints-day unto *November*.  
Fond zelots! you had better turne the page,  
Convert your feasts into a pilgrimage.  
Walke with repentant secte to forreigne Isles  
Their sigh your selves to sadder syllables:  
And ev'ry desert, that you softly tread  
With naked pennance feete, let fall a Beade.  
That so all passengers in after age  
May count the paces of your pilgrimage.

get Cut downe your Saints, that by their merits found  
A new way up to heaven, above the ground.  
oom Those ropes will serve for cords to gird about  
Your hairie loynes to doe your pennance out ?  
Or else preserve them, till you steale away  
The Poles, on which their head's march in array,  
ve Then send them o're, Ile warrant you they'l be  
A choicer Relique for posteritie.  
e But whisper softly (muse) a while, you'l drive  
Those empty droanes out of their borrow'd hive,  
es, You'l coole their hot divotion, put them out  
s. Before their Ceremony's brought about.  
You'l turne the Priest besides the cushion straight,  
Make him scratch memry from his balder pate.  
Before h' hath found it, he will loose the text,  
And scarce the first word out, forget the next.  
You'l make the other from his palse fist  
Drop downe his wafer God-Emmanualist.  
And then some sawcy dog will snatch it there,  
And transubstantiate it, I know not where.  
The third disturb'd, will sprinckle unawares  
The Holy-water on the sacred sta' res. ( come  
Stand backe a while, keepe off, vengeance will  
And summon them to silence ere they've done.  
Looke what that right hand speakes unto the wall,  
See there imprinted fairely Babels fall.



The hand from heav'n hath charg'd the walls, the  
 Withdraw their shoulders, and the walls obey.  
 Nay there stands *Sampson*, him whom they bega  
 With sulphur'd lungs to spitt their venome on,  
 And like the wanton Philistines to play  
 Some pranks upon him on their holy-day.  
 But he the truer *Sampson* verifi'd  
 What Typically t'other *Sampson* did!  
 He toucht the posts with a command, they fall  
 Striking all dead into one funcrall.  
 Perchance they thought He was as blind as He,  
 But henceforth see, the eye of heaven can see.  
 A *Videor video* smil'd on you before,  
 He saw you then how durst you tempt him more  
 But when the Ass, that falles into the pit  
 Will not take heede, Hee'l fall agin it it.  
 Who bolder then blind Bayard, who more blind  
 Then such a sottish, stockish, rabble kind  
 Where ignorance doth murther zeale, a brat  
 As blind as their carv'd God, as cold as that?  
 But now by this I hope they've learnt to see  
 They strike at heaven, that aime at Majestie.  
 Proud *Gygantean* race, leave off to move  
 In Martiall fight the unconquerd Gods above.  
 What? will you get 'gainst love your seiges lay  
 And still before the walls of heaven display  
 Hells blacker banners, raise the siege at length,  
 Retrait, ne're stay to trye out strength with strength  
 You

You felt the weight of his immediate hand,  
 Who beckning only just at his command:  
 Destruction posted plumed with Fury's wing  
 And stay'd not for a solemn summoning  
 By Gods owne pursuivants, which commonly  
 Doe use to be destruction's *Mercury*.  
 Fire or water, stormes, or darts of thunder,  
 These use to be his messengers of wonder.  
 Sometimes he posts to batle in array,  
 Wrapt in a whirlwind, fur'ous of delay.  
 Sometimes he rides upon a prouder wave  
 And thence he doth his stoutest foes outbrave.  
 Sometimes againe he marcheth through a cloud  
 Girt with a scarf of lightning, and aloud  
 Send's forth his watchword to the *Cyclop's* there  
 (Who rank's the Squadron's out, & keeps the reere)  
 Bidding them with as loud a voyce discharge  
 A volly of thunder, which may rend at large  
 The duskish mantle of the skyes, and make  
 A passage through the clouds, that wrath may  
 A freer Aime to shoote her vengeance right (take  
 And execute what he decree'd hath quite.  
 Now this, and this, now that's his messenger,  
 Yet alwaies God hath not a harbinger.  
 Sometimes his hand doth smite without a sword,  
 Sometimes without an hand, he sends his word,  
 Whereof the softest accent is enough  
 To rend the world if once sent out in wrath.

Then see (prond Rome) thy seede villany,  
 That Majestic it selfe must deale with Thee.  
 Creatures those Proxie-learnants of the King,  
 Hee'le hardly trust at thy grand suffering.  
 To rid away thy execution,  
 Hee'l be in presence there to see it done.  
 He might have sent the bowells of the earth,  
 That roaring *Bo'as* with his blustering breath,  
 And whirlewind-nostrills might rush forth, & cast  
 The Fabrick levell at one rendring blast.  
 He might have op't the treasury's of the ayre,  
 And sling'd his hayle downe, to untop it bare.  
 Thus made away for thicker stormes to fall  
 And sling downe death on each in ev'ry ball.  
 He might have bidden *Neptune* call away  
 His whiteplum'd hills to march in set away.  
 And with his Trident-mace command each wave  
 To swell unto a tide, and thus out-brave  
 The proudest top that pence't above the rest,  
 And swept thy building too away at last.  
 He might have caus'd a shovre of brimston fall  
 And rain'd downe flames of Gunpowder withall  
 Not to blow up it, but to burne downe all.

But neither fire did fall; nor water rise  
 Nor wind, nor storme joyn'd in this enterpize.  
 The word, that with a word did make all these  
 Without them, can doe when, and what he please.

When

When he intends to make his glory ride  
 Tryumphant, shining with a sacred pride:  
 He lay's a side the meanes with his left hand,  
 And with his right doth, what he please, com-  
 Then tremble Babylon to see thy fall, (mand:  
 'Twas God himselfe was in the reeling wall.  
 He set himselfe to do't: that all might see  
 'Twas his right arme that gate the victory.  
 His presence made the trembling stones to shake  
 To a quivering ague, and the rafters quake,  
 Till all their unknit joynts were loos'd, the wall  
 Before his sacred presence downe did fall.  
 He charg'd the sinewes of the house to shrinke,  
 And bid the pinns unty, that all might sincke.  
 They heare his voyce, and at his voyce obey,  
 Thus thus the crumbling fabrick pines away.  
 What makes us then sigh prayers for Babels fall  
 As if that Babylon nere fell at all?  
 It fell, and sure the fall was great; it fell  
 As if it had prepar'd away to hell;  
 Making a passage with it's weight, to send  
 That rable rout unto their Stryan end.  
 It fell, and in the fall below'd to loud,  
 As if two rocks, falling at once, did crowd,  
 Rushing each others side, and strove which shall  
 Eccho the neighbouring hills the louder call.  
 It fell, and struck so, it could not more harme  
 Had it beene hurled from a Cyclop's arme.

It fell but holloo'd out, so loud i'th' fall,  
 As if it would the dead, it kild, recall.  
 It fell; stop there! Lett's heare a while what Rome  
 Can say unto this second Martyrdome. (yeare  
 Should they but pilfer out more dayes from th'  
 To cannonize for those that suffer'd there  
 They must create new Almanacks, and make  
 Their next yeare longer for their Martyr's sake.  
 Or else joyne two Saints to make up one day  
 A simkin, and a gimkin Holy-day. (tricks  
 Now plodding Rome, what have your pie-ball  
 Gendred in plotting 'gainst the Heretic kes.  
 Goe, goe, divide the spoyle that is come in,  
 Wee'le cast up ours, and let them laugh that win.  
 You thought to make us rise, by rising fall;  
 You fell at once, but never rise at all.  
 If we had fell, by falling we had rise  
 Hell's sometimes the high-way-roeade to blisse.  
 Had you then rise, yet rising you had fell,  
 Heaven is sometimes the broadest way to hell,  
 You fell, we stand, heaven downward striks we see  
 And hell aimes upwards; what's the mystery?  
 Is Rome's *America* plac'd in the Ayre,  
 Their new found Purgatory founded there?  
 That *Pluto* plot's such stratagemms to guard  
 The English Catholiques up thither-ward.  
 'Tis so I see; their Purgatory's there;  
 I thought it was a Castle in the ayre.

The Corollary.

Strange birth! the Pope he is the Holy Father,  
 The Earth the Mother is, the Master rather.  
 Pluto the Grandfire, and the Deputyes  
 Not two or foure, but all the infernall fryes  
 Of Monk's, and Iesuit's, Priests, Masse Priests too  
 Intended are as witnesses unto  
 This Affrick birth; would you the midwife yet?  
 Faux was appointed to deliver it;  
 It was begot in Hell, conceiv'd in Rome,  
 And should have beene deliver'd here at home.  
 But *England* would not lend that life, which fell  
 To be a Mongrell betwixt Rome and and Hell.





NOVEMBRIS  
MONSTRUM

The Historicall narra-  
tion of the damnable  
*Powder-Treason.*

WITH  
The dayes of for England's Mira-  
culous deliverance.


R. A. B. S. H.



London, Printed by Frances Leach.


1641.

D 4



## To the Iudicious Reader.

**N**OT biting Satyre, nor any thing like  
Dropt only from a Parasite I will.  
A bitter sweet is good, wormewood in wine  
Is to a Poet the best Hypocrite.  
Thou art the Man unto the man of Sinne  
Is the Musit'ans hitting the right string.  
Her's nothing whipt and strip but Babels Bratt,  
Which long agoe hath beene condemned to that.  
Thence all not bitter sweet, nor sweetnesse bitter  
If you finde both, you will finde both together,  
And so both mingled, both together shall,  
Prove to bad stomackes a good Cordiall.  
Be but iudicious in thy censure then,  
And if thou relish gall dropt from the pen,  
Conclude it is not honey, nor should be  
Or that thou bringest a sicke man to Thee.



London Printed by I. W. for J. W. 1654.  
NOVEM

line 7. within Satyre that is to say  
+ D

# NOVEMBERS

## MONSTRUM,



Hus have I scene Ambition's Min'on.  
soare

To reach the towring Mount of cob-  
wed-fame,

Counting it Piety, t'embrace in goare

His blood-rent hands, so He may get a name.

Though He like *Tantalus* both live and dye:

Catch at the Apple, that doth most Him flye.

2

(glory)

Thus that proud Impe, that thought to ware his

Before the fire of *Diana's* Shrine,

And make his name blaze forth in his own story,

Brighter then did the glowing Temple shine,

Must needs attempt that sacriledge to have

His name & Him joynt-tenants of one grave.

3

Thus have I knowne a Monke and Fryers pride

Iustle for th' wall of cruelty, and see

Which of them should prove better Regicide,

That they for Saints may canonized be. (glory)

Whil' st he that thinkes to blazon forth their

Blots out their names in setting out their story

D5

The

He that doth looke, from honour's hands to have  
The Lawrell wreath, to crowne his works withall  
Must with the hands of virtue it receive  
Virtue gives scutch'ons to a funerall.

Else he, that would be heire of Fame, shall be,  
Excecutor of nought, but Infamie.

5  
If *Icarus* doe strive with borrow'd wings  
To reach the Sun, and grapple with his bride,  
You'll see how soone his falle Ambition flyngs  
Him downe, and drownes his honour in the tyde.  
He that makes wings to flye to fame, shall see  
Fame will be ready to take wing and flee.

6  
What did proud *Phaeton's* ambitious minde  
(In coveting his Fathers reines to guide)  
Provide him for a Trophye, did he finde  
That was the roade, where Fame and glory ride?  
No, Fame will nere Ambition's yoke-mare be  
Hell must lend fire to light his infamie.

7 (stayres  
Then thinke no more (Proud Rome) of building  
That thole may scale to heav'n, and Santed be,  
Who were chiefe agents for thy hell-affaires,  
In plotting reaton, and hid Tyranny.  
Thou canst not raise a Babel half so high:  
Nere think to top those walls, or come so nigh  
But

8

But if thou wilt needs have thy factors side  
Full mounted on the Peggs of Fame,  
Weele helpe them up, a Peggs provide,  
But wing'd with infamy, and plumed with shame.  
Blacke deedes are Cronickled that they may be  
Enrol'd for hatred, not for memory.

9

Then Historic fetch thy brazen penne, and send  
For incke from blacker Artichokes, that I may  
May (guided by thy hand) in brasse commend  
Rome's Monster-Beast to all posterity.  
That later Time, may point out Rome to see,  
And make her blush, at her owne progeny.

10

3 Then dreaming Emperour, whose phancy prov'd  
Truer then Phocas did, that did succeed,  
Thought in his sleepe he slept, & death was mov'd  
By th' murderous hands of Phocas to proceed. (to the  
Deadnes prone not alwaies night may see, con-  
ning Mordons awake, when we least dream of it.

11

This Phocas dranke ambitious Mercury,  
Which kindled such a fire within his breast,  
Nothing would quench his thirst, but dignify,  
Mauricius must die, and all the galls yd gains  
Thus waded through his blood unto his throne  
This provid'd a dream to him: the gher-her-her.  
Mauricius. \* His wife and his Daughters. Once